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Greatest Circulation in the World

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Sunday, May 29, 1932



Enchanting Fairyland Lovers

By the Distinguished English Artist
Edmund Dulac

THE FISHERMAN AND THE DRAGON KING'S DAUGHTER —

LONG ago in Japan, Urashima Taro, a handsome young fisherman, saw some boys tormenting a tortoise. He gave them all his money for it, carried it to the shore and released it. The tortoise asked him if he would like to visit the Dragon Sea King's land. He said he would. Arriving, the tortoise turned into a beautiful maiden, who told him she was the Dragon King's daughter, and that she wished him to live forever with her there, where none grew old and Summer was everlasting. For three days Urashima lived in a dream of happiness. On the fourth day his desire to see his mother and father became so strong that he asked the Princess for a brief leave of absence. The Princess wept, but consented, giving him a casket that he must not open until ready to return to her. Soon he found himself back in his village. But all was strange. He learned that his parents had been dead three hundred years. His three days of happiness had endured three centuries. He opened the casket. It was empty, but a fragrance came from it. He breathed it. Old age dropped upon him. He died. Thus did the Japanese tell the story of Rip Van Winkle a thousand years before Washington Irving wrote it.

No More College Boys in "Chorus Girl" Parts at University of Michigan



Mr. William Brown, of the University of Michigan, as He Looks in His Stage Costume as a Chorus Boy, and Above (on the Right) as He Looks in the Classroom.



WHEN Dr. Alexander Ruthven, president of the University of Michigan, issued the edict that the productions of the Mimes Club—which has been staging musical shows for twenty-five years—would be discontinued for the present, he gave as the chief reason for this surprising decision the fact that "the revue is fast assuming professional proportions harmful to its amateur standing."

But the real reason, if campus gossip can be credited, lay in a number of letters which the

university authorities had received from the fathers and mothers of some of the boys who were giving a great deal of time to rehearsing for and playing in the productions, in which many of them assumed the roles of feminine stars and glamorous "ladies of the ensemble."

The burden of most of these letters, so it is said, was this: I didn't send my son to college to be a chorus girl. He's there to get an education that will enable him to earn a living when he gets out, and he's going to miss a lot of that education if he spends four months learning to dance and sing and smile like a chorus and wear feminine fripperies—and then put in several weeks on the road, playing in the show after it's ready to be put on.

Like all other State universities, the University of Michigan is supported largely by taxpayers' funds. The people who send their sons there, in the main, people of moderate means. Right now they are finding it hard—some of them, at least—to make the family income stretch far enough to cover the cost of keeping a boy on the campus. They think—and they're probably right—that young fellows supposedly bent upon versing themselves in the mysteries of law, business and journalism should be poring over their books and not gawwawing around behind the footlights emulating the weaker and fairer sex.

The would-be actors and "ac-



tresses" of the Mimes Dramatic Club, which is about the most exclusive organization on the campus, naturally feel a little upset about the order that puts an end to their show, for the present at least. They deny, of course, that their theatrical activities handicap them in their pursuit of knowledge, and point to the nearby University of Wisconsin, where the boys have had no word to cease being prima donnas, danseuses and chorines.



Mr. David George, Student of the University of Wisconsin (Where the Annual Show Will Go On Uninterrupted, as He Looks as a Sourette, and (Left at Top), as He Looks on the Campus.

Voting by Picture

A N election in India is a trying time for candidates and for the officials charged with conducting the voting and counting the ballots. This is so because at least 80 per cent of the voters are illiterate and cannot tell the name of one candidate from another.

In past years deputies, whose job it was to help the ignorant electorate vote for men they favored, were stationed at every polling place to help the populace vote. But these deputies were not always honest and they "threw" more than one election by the underhanded way in which they "helped" the illiterate masses to cast their ballots. The Franchise Committee, appointed at the Round-Table Conference, has had plain instructions to clean up the Indian political situation and to see to it that every native, literate or illiterate, has a chance to vote the way he wants to.

So far the best idea that the members of the committee have had is to print on each ballot a pictorial representation of some of the candidates for the more important political posts. One man will be represented by an elephant, another by a tiger, still another by an umbrella—all familiar things in Indian life.

Political speakers will explain that to vote for a—say, an elephant, or a tiger, or the umbrella, whatever the case may be. By this scheme it is believed that polling place deputies will be prevented from inducing voters who can neither read nor write from casting their ballots for candidates for whom they do not want to vote.

The printing of ballots that will be understandable to every voter is not, however, the only election problem in populous India. Always there has been considerable intimidation and bribery, by which thousands of voters have been frightened into voting the way powerful political bosses wanted them to vote, or induced to sell their franchise for small sums of money. How to stamp out this evil is a problem with which the committee still is struggling.



And This Is How the Co-Eds Themselves Look When They Put On a Play at the University of Michigan. (Photographs by Paul Stone-Reymor Studios, Ltd.)

Intelligence in Plants?

FOR many years scientists have been divided over the question: Do plants think? No naturalist has yet been able to find in any plant an organ that looks like a brain, yet the behavior of many members of the vegetable kingdom has led more than one conservative student to the conclusion that certain weeds, flowers, shrubs and trees not only exercise reason, but also have emotional reactions and are sensitive to pain.

Sir Jagadis Bose, a distinguished Indian naturalist, has conducted many experiments to determine, if possible, if plants have more in common with the lower animals and with the human race than is commonly supposed, and he has come to the conclusion that many plants are intelligent, living things.

Dr. Bose passes over such plants as those which have the power to attract and capture insects and small animals, although it is easy to argue that they exercise a certain kind of intelligence in getting their food. He experiments with such things as the common carrot.

In one of his studies, the scientist placed a carrot in a delicate mechanism that would register the slightest movement of the vegetable. This machine is so made that any movement of the "subject" under observation will be amplified thousands of times by reflections cast from a tiny mirror.

He bruised a carrot with a pair of surgical tweezers. The instant he did this the little mirror began to wobble violently. How else can this be explained except that the carrot felt something akin to pain and recoiled in its cell structure from the hurt inflicted on it?

As much as they do wind and storm. Many of the worst sea tragedies have occurred when ships, feeling their way through the thickest mist, collided with other ships or piled up on the shore.

Chester W. Rice, an engineer who invented a device to guide airplanes in the fog, has devised a new type of fog-horn which he believes will enable the skippers of boats of all sizes to navigate in the thickest of weather.

His device is called the sonic locator and it is a high-pitched horn that shrills with a frequency of 5,000 cycles per second. The penetrating voice of the horn carries a long distance and its sound echoes from any surface it strikes—such as boats, wharves and rocks.

A specially made receiving instrument picks up and records these echoes. The time elapsing between the sounding of the horn and the picking up of

the horn's reflected sound makes it possible for the pilot to estimate how far away other boats are and in which direction they lie.

In tests of the horn, made aboard a small motor cruiser, the device located a small rowboat 800 feet away and larger craft at distances ranging from 1,000 feet to more than 2,000 feet. The echo-making power of the high-frequency horn is thousands of times that of the ordinary boat whistle.

Echoes Help Steer Boat Safely

Elephant, Instead of Horses, Does the Work on Texas Plantation

THERE is little likelihood that elephants ever will replace the horse and the tractor on the farms of Texas, but at least one farmer in that State swears by the elephant as

a strong, tireless, efficient and willing beast of burden.

This farmer is a rancher named Richards, who works the soil of the Lone Star State in the hill country

about twenty miles from the city of San Antonio. His elephant, still a youngster as elephants go, is named

Rubber. Rubber likes to work, and at times when there's lots of plowing or hauling to be done he keeps on the job for fourteen hours a day.

The big beast is stronger than the heaviest team of horses in Texas and fully as intelligent. Hitched to a plow, he plods along over the roughest of ground and nothing short of a boulder or a stump can stop him. Pulling a heavily loaded farm wagon is no job at all for him. Rancher Richards confesses that farming with an elephant seems more like

a publicity stunt than a practical way of tilling the soil, but he denies that his possession of an elephant is any mere trick to attract attention.

"Rubber is a wonder," he says. "He knows everything I say to him and he seems to get more intelligent every day. He's as good-humored as a kitten and he'd work around the clock if he had to. He walks about as if he's a good, active horse, and you wouldn't believe how strong he is unless you saw him on a good stiff job."

Rubber is, of course, something of a curiosity in Texas, and hundreds of people have visited the Richards ranch to watch the elephant at work—and at play. Most

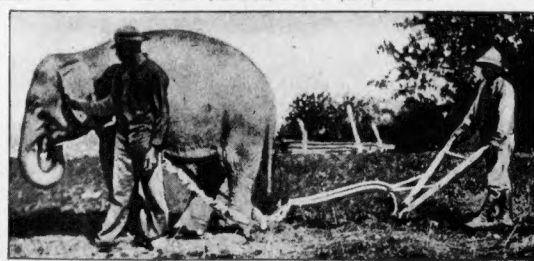
of the children of the neighborhood enjoy rides on top of the beast's big head and have come to regard him as something of a community pet.

The Richards place is only about an

hour's automobile ride from San Antonio, and every pleasant Sunday a steady stream of cars pull up at the ranch house, filled with people eager to have a look at the only working elephant in America.



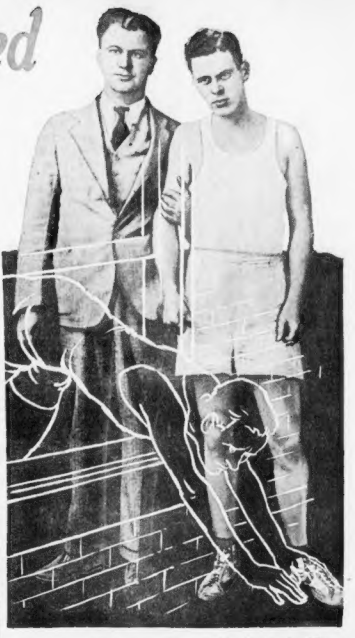
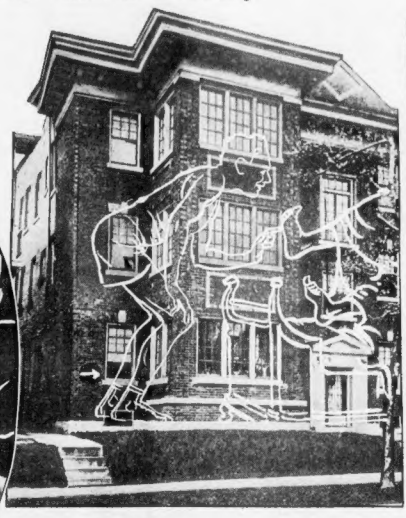
"Rubber," the Texas Elephant, Hitched in a Wagon in Which Wood Is Being Hauled to the Ranch House of His Owner, Mr. Richards.



Borrowing a Custom From India, the Ranch Hands Use "Rubber" for Plowing and Other Heavy Work, of Which the Big Fellow Never Seems to Tire.

Queerest Burglar the Police Ever Captured

Visited More Than One Hundred St. Louis Young Women in Their Bedrooms But Was More Interested in Tickling Their Feet or Startling Them Than in Robbery



John Raymond Eaves, the Remarkable St. Louis "Shorts Bandit" in the Grasp of a Police Detective. Eaves Is Shown Wearing the Outfit He Always Used When Making His Nightly Visits.

Mrs. John F. Hickey, Who Lives in the Apartment Marked With the Arrow, Waked Up to Find the "Shorts Bandit" Standing at the Foot of the Bed Tickling Her Feet. In the Apartment Above Lives the Chief of Police of St. Louis, Who Was Aroused by Mrs. Hickey's Scream of Surprise.



Although the Mysterious Intruder Was Seen From Time to Time, and Even Shot at, He Was So Swift on His Feet and Agile in Jumping Fences That He Disappeared Almost as Soon as He Was Sighted.

Mrs. Joseph Good Dropped Asleep on the Divan in the Front Room and Suddenly Awoke to Find an Intruder, Dressed in "Shorts," Sitting on the Side of the Divan and Tickling Her Chin.

MRS. JUANITA HARR, who lives in the fashionable West End district of St. Louis, at 4853 Parkway Pl., awoke early one morning with the uncomfortable feeling that she was being stared at. As her sleepy eyes slowly opened, she beheld with amazement a young man clad only in "shorts" sitting on the edge of the bed. As she screamed her visitor disappeared out of the window.

A few nights later, Mrs. Louise Nickan was asleep at her home, No. 2212 Haliday Ave., and she awoke surprised to find that she was not alone in bed—Mr. Nickan has an all-night job and doesn't get in until seven in the morning. Thinking her husband had come home sick and gotten into bed without awaking her, she ran her fingers gently down the arm beside her to see if he had fever. On one of his fingers was a large ring—but Mr. Nickan neither owned nor wore a ring.

Now fully awake and suddenly realizing that the man in 3-4 with her was not her husband, Mrs. Nickan leaped to her feet, reached to switch on the light, and found the wire had been pulled loose. Out of the other side of the bed arose the visitor, clad only in shorts, and in a leisurely manner bowed respectfully and plunged out of the window.

Mrs. Joseph Good, a young married woman living with her husband at 2627 Nebraska Ave., did not feel sleepy the other night. Mr. Good went to bed in an adjoining room while his wife nestled herself comfortably in her wrapper on a wide divan in the living-room to read a detective story. After awhile she yawned, turned out the light and dropped off to sleep, intending to take a short nap and go to bed.

About three o'clock in the morning she awoke to find someone tickling her chin. Thinking her husband had decided it was time for her to come to bed and had probably slipped into the living-room to arouse her in this playful manner, she said:

"Go—Is that you?"

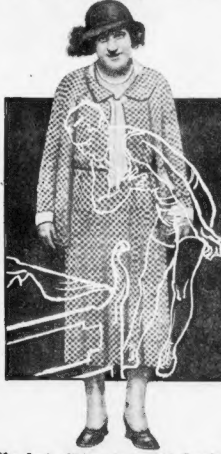
But when there was no answer she had a sudden realization that it was not Joe, and as she gazed on the reading light directly over her head, she beheld with astonishment a young man clad in shorts, sitting beside her on the divan. As the light flashed on, the visitor leaped to his feet and dived out a nearby window.

Miss Elizabeth Hahn of 4143 Hartford St., in South St. Louis, awoke a few nights later with a feeling that somebody was in the room—and sure enough, a young man clad only in shorts looked up into her eyes as she peered over the side of the bed. He was lying quietly on a rug on the floor, but as Miss Hahn shrieked he hurried himself up and, in three leaps and a final bound, vanished out the window.

These are four instances of more than a hundred similar cases in the



Miss Elvera Fuchs Awoke With the Feeling There Was Someone in the Room, and Looking Over the Edge of the Bed Was Startled to See a Visitor in "Shorts" Lying on the Rug Beside the Bed and Looking Up at Her.



Mrs. Louise Nickan Awoke With Surprise to Find a Man in Bed With Her. As She Leaped Out One Side, the "Shorts Bandit" Stepped Out of the Other Side and, After Respectfully, Plunged Out of the Window.

that their visitor had leaped out of the window—dived out head first. In one or two instances the victims had seen him landing on the palms of his outstretched hands, with back arched—an athletic trick and posture which broke his fall. Instantly he leaped to his feet and sped away in the darkness with the fleetness of a deer. From this the police reasoned that they had to deal with a young athlete who was probably a track runner.

On a few occasions the "Shorts Bandit," as he was now called, had been seen by citizens and police, and had even been shot at. But his speed on his feet was such that he vanished almost at the instant he was seen.

But everything comes to an end at last. And so it was that this strange midnight visitor has been captured, although it required a general raid

Time, and even shot at. He was so swift on his feet and agile in jumping fences that he disappeared almost as soon as he was sighted.

patrolman and another to defy the chief. Chief of Police Gerk continued to call the police. Just exactly what he called them is not known, but it must have been adequate because the intruder was caught soon afterward.

When the Police Department announced proudly that the "Shorts Bandit" had at last been seized the sigh of relief that went up from the feminine population of the city could almost be heard in the city jail where the prisoner was held.

When the picture of the mysterious "Shorts Bandit" appeared in the papers and when his various victims were invited to police headquarters to identify him there were some surprised women in St. Louis. Instead of the unshaven thief they supposed he would turn out to be (they had obtained only a quick glimpse of him as he fled in the darkness) they learned to their astonishment that the intruder whom they had chased from their bedroom was a rather attractive young man.

The "Shorts Bandit" revealed that his name was John Raymond Eaves, that he was 21 years old and he said that he had been a former high school athlete. His ability to dive out of windows head-first without hurting himself was better understandable when he told police that "you fellows ought to treat me nice. I was the star diver at the police circus three years ago."

The women who came to look at the "horrid brute" at the police line-up found a gentlemanly young man with curly brown hair and blue eyes. His scanty attire likewise revealed that he possessed the physique of an athlete that several had moved or planned to move from their first floor quarters before his midnight appearance at their bedchambers.

Nevertheless, the peculiar nocturnal operations of this same young man, it was recalled, had thrown St. Louis women into a very real state of fright for many months. Such had been the terror of the young married women and single girls whom he had visited that several had moved or planned to move from their first floor quarters before his midnight appearance at their bedchambers.

Each new victim had some astonishing new detail to reveal following the visit of the "Shorts Bandit."

Miss Elvera Fuchs, 19, of 3916 Louisiana Ave., lay sleeping peacefully at home one night. She awakened with a start with the uncanny feeling that someone else was in the room with her. Looking over the side of her bed she saw a young man clad only in undecorated lying on the floor gazing

at her. She shrieked and the figure leaped to its feet and disappeared.

Another time a man residing on Thurman Avenue entered his daughter's room to find the "Shorts Bandit" lying on a rug beside the young woman's bed.

"You must be in the wrong house," said the householder.

"Yes, I must be," answered the intruder as he got to his feet. Then he leaped across the room and ran down a hall and staircase to the street.

The police radio finally led to the "Shorts Bandit's" capture. Mrs. Lucille Mathews, of 4173 Waterman Ave., telephoned police headquarters that the "Shorts Bandit" had visited her home and had dived out of the window when she screamed.

Instantly a general alarm was flashed over the police radio and in thirty cruising squad cars throughout the city police radios barked out the news of the latest appearance of the queer visitor. An instant later thirty police cars were roaring towards the neighborhood where the elusive intruder had been sighted.

A keen-eyed detective saw the muddy print of a tennis shoe on a pavement. He followed the print to an automobile parked nearby. In the back seat was crouched a "very frightened young man clad only in his underclothes. He was perspiring and panting as if he had recently exerted himself."

The detective jerked the unclad young gentleman to his feet. The prisoner wrenched his arm, slippery with perspiration, from the grasp of his captor and quickly raced away from the detective, who gave pursuit. A moment later the detective saw the fugitive disappear into his garage and called the police. So a few minutes later the suspect, found hiding under a car in the garage, was in custody again. His white shirt was badly soiled from grease and dirt.

When asked by the police the motive for his crimes, inasmuch as he stole money only on a comparatively few occasions, the young man, identified as the "Shorts Bandit" from finger prints found at the scene of his intrusions, declared, "Oh, I get a thrill out of it!"

He then explained in a matter-of-fact manner of operating to the authorities. He revealed that he wore a bathrobe over his underclothing while driving to the scene of an intended "visit." The car bore a number of the same kind as the robe slipped off as he got in the front seat of the car. When he returned in through the window, he found the door unlocked and he slipped off his robe and dived off while the aroused neighborhood was looking for a figure in white.

The "Shorts Bandit" explained that he dived in underclothes because he figured that when a sleeping person would awake they would think he was merely a member of the family getting up during the night. He usually chose first floor apartments and climbed through the windows.

Their remarkable prisoner also told police that he usually entered an attractive woman's home. Occasionally, he said, he would see the women on the street and then follow them to their home and return that night.

The relief of the community—both men and females—over the capture of the "Shorts Bandit" was expressed by Chief of Detectives Kaiser after the arrest when he said: "Well, I am glad he is caught. We had rats of calls from husbands at headquarters who told us to hurry up and catch that 'no pants' burglar. They said their wives were ailing with hammers and hatches under their pillows."



Percy, the King Penguin at the London Zoo, known to the attendants as "Perky," lately has shown tendencies to be uncomfortable during cold weather and has been presented with this wooden scarf.

Protecting "Perky Percy"

THOUSANDS of Londoners know "Perky Percy" as the biggest penguin in the London Zoo. They have been amused at his antics, his superior disdain for members of the human race and the autocratic way in which he rules over his companions.

Some years ago Percy was brought to London by the captain of a British steamer that happened to put in to an island close by the lower edge of the Arctic Circle.

It may be that city life and the London fog have undermined this bird's once sturdy constitution, because it was not until last winter that he seemed to mind the cold. Every time the mercury dropped suddenly, Percy's hoodlike eyes would run water and his plump form would be shaken by an occasional sneeze. For days at a time he would be indisposed.

At last it occurred to those entrusted with Percy's health and happiness that he might need some protection from the wind and weather, so they supplied him with the muffler which he is seen wearing in the photograph above.

Budapest also is the birthplace of the Karlovics Twins, who happen to be Countesses. But because of their remarkable resemblance to each other, and because a Countess in Hungary can work for a living nowadays, the sisters have chosen a stage career.



PHOTOS BY CENTRAL NEWS PHOTO SERVICE.

The Prettiest Twins In Europe?

BUDAPEST. It may be that a careful combing of every city, town and hamlet in Europe would bring to light a pair of girl twins easier on the eyes than the four sets of twins shown on this page. But the chances are that the search would be a waste of time, because artists, sculptors, photographers and theatrical producers are agreed that these young women are the comeliest twins to be found from the Arctic Ocean to the Mediterranean and from the Western shores of England to the jagged boundary which separates Europe from Asia.

The citizens of Budapest are sure that at least three pairs of these twins—the Countesses Karlovics, the Aimee Sisters and Inez and Yolande Epp—deserve the distinction bestowed upon them by expert judges of feminine loveliness, because these six charming young women all hail from that city. And Budapest is quite ready to include Marie-Anne and Anne-Marie Merry in the list, because, if they don't come from that metropolis, they were at least born in Bavaria, not so many miles from the Hungarian capital. Probably it was inevitable that three of these sets of twins should go on the stage. Theatrical producers are partial to exceptionally beautiful young women, and when such beauty comes in natural born duplicate it has an office appeal in abundance. Had it not been for the World War

and its impoverishing effects upon European nobility, especially the noble families of southern Europe, the remaining pair of beauties—Countesses Karlovics—would have shunned the footlights. But they, too, are entertainers. They dance, and, sometimes, they break forth into song. Their graceful manoeuvres have made it necessary for many playhouses to hang out the "standing room only" sign, and, to their increasing fame and fortune, they have put more than a few cabarets and night clubs permanently on the map.

The most famous of the pretty twins, however, are the Aimee Sisters. For the past five years they have been the toast of theatregoers not only in their native Budapest, but in Berlin, Paris, Vienna and London. They look so much alike that their own mother finds it difficult to tell them apart, and each of them is so cool-looking and so talented as a dancer that she would be a star in her own right, if it weren't for her good fortune to be one of a pair. And what's very important on the European stage, the Epp girls are the goldenest of golden blondes.

Next to the Aimee Sisters, the Aimee twins are, perhaps, the best known of European twins. Strangely enough, these young women have added to their fame and their bank balance not because they look like each other, but because they are opposites in

type and coloring. One is a blonde of the so-called "strawberry" variety, and the other is a brunette with hair as dark as that of the most Spanish of senoritas. One is a perfect contrast to the other and they make a striking appearance wherever they go.

In Bavaria, where everyone seems to be of the opinion that Marie-Anne and Anne-Marie Merry are about the handsomest pair of twins ever born, artists and others competent to judge feminine beauty call these nineteen-year-old dancers the "perfect brunettes."

The Merry girls are several years younger than the Epp Sisters, and

they have yet to make names for themselves behind the footlights. But they are on their way, and, even if they possessed less histrionic ability than they do, they would still have their sister act at a recent charity show in Munich, they were offered two flattering contracts to appear in a Paris revue.



Blondes! Inez and Yolande Epp, whose bodies as well as their faces are as exactly alike as science has ever found twins. The only difference notable is that Yolande is a Contralto and Inez a Soprano. But That Doesn't Help Them Much, Because Both Earn Their Living by Dancing. The Girls Hail From Budapest.

In the Aimee Twins, the Twin Tradition Is Uplifted. One Is a Blonde, the Other a Brunette, and They Do Not in Any Way Resemble Each Other Physically. In Fact, They Have Little in Common Except Extraordinary Good Looks.

Princess's Play Palace Burns

MONMOUTH, Wales. READERS of the American Weekly will remember the publication in these pages some weeks ago of a story about the \$10,000 play-palace which the people of Wales were building as a gift to little Princess Elizabeth, the daughter of the Duke and Duchess of York.

A few weeks ago, soon after the miniature dwelling had been completed and furnished, it was jacked up on a huge truck drawn by a steam tractor and sent on its way to the Piccadilly residence of the princess's father and mother.

Just outside Monmouth, sparks from the smokestack of the tractor fell on the thatched roof of the playhouse. A stiff breeze was blowing and the dry material quickly burst into flames. The workmen on the truck and the tractor tried to hunt out the flames, while one of them boarded a passing motor car and rushed to Monmouth to get help.

The one motorized fire truck in the town rushed to the scene, but by the time it got there with its crew the roof was destroyed and the sides of the house were a skeleton of charred timbers. Most of the interior furnishings were damaged.

Plans for the play-palace were drawn by Morgan Willmot, the eminent Welsh architect, who patterned it after the type of cottage that prosperous Welshmen have lived in for the past two centuries. It was a perfect model in every detail, even to the handcarving on the beams and furniture.

The little house, which was 15 feet high at the ridgepole, nearly 23 feet long and 8 feet wide, contained six rooms. It was built by expert carpenters and the furnishings were made by the country's ablest cabinet makers. The rugs on the floors were hand-loomed and the walls of the tiny library were ornamented with paintings.

Electricians had wired the play-palace for light, telephone and radio. The kitchen was equipped with an especially built electric stove. Plumbers had piped the building for hot and cold water, so that the little member of Britain's royal family could have real parties in her cottage.

The princess will get her gift from the people of Wales as soon as it has been rebuilt and refurbished.

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Bavaria Contributes Two "Perfect Brunettes." They Are Marie-Anne and Anne-Marie Merry, 19, Whose Beauty and Historic Ability in a Recent Charity Show Attracted Film and Theatre Scouts—But the Girls Are Still Amateurs.

One-Man "Symphony"

W. R. AMES, of Bremerton, Washington, probably never will be invited to give his peculiar kind of symphonic concert in New York's famed Carnegie Hall. But he's something of a musical genius for all that, and the folks around his neck of the woods keep him pretty busy playing for dances and entertainments.

For years Mr. Ames tapped time with his right foot while he played his fiddle for dances, round and square. Then it occurred to him that there was considerable wasted energy in this foot-tapping which might be turned in the making of more music.

The upshot of this idea is the instrument shown in the photograph. Inventor Ames calls it the pedopiano, because it really is a little piano to be played with the feet. The strings attached to the system of foot pedals are connected with keys in such a way that a sharp tap of the foot on any one of the pedals plays a harmonious chord.

Mr. Ames practiced on his novel instrument for some time before he played it in public, and, if he does say so himself, he's pretty good at it now. When he's making music for his neighbors to dance, his fiddling and his pedopiano playing have the volume, if not the melodic qualities, of a four-piece orchestra.



W. R. Ames, of Bremerton, Washington, Who Figures That When a Fiddler Taps His Foot While Playing He Is Wasting Energy. He Built This Instrument, Which Looks and Sounds Like a Small Piano, and Now Makes It Possible for Him to Accompany Himself When He Plays for Dances and Entertainments.

Cave-Man Ancestors a Rather Sickly Lot

Not the Husky, Glowing Child of Nature but Full of Aches and Pains, Rheumatic Joints, Itching Skin, and Short-Lived



Representation of a Cross-eyed Prehistoric American Found in the Burial Pottery in a Grave in Mexico. There Was No Cure at That Time for This Affliction.

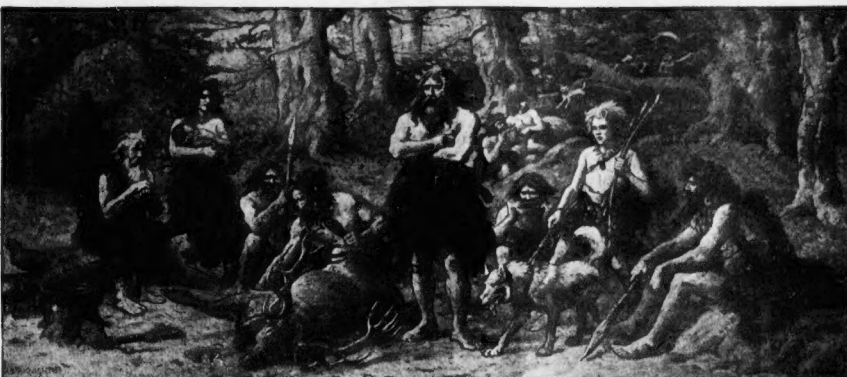
PRIMITIVE man, the husky child of nature who lived in the open air and sunshine, ate the fruits and nuts as he found them, went to sleep at sunset and awoke with the birds—ah, that was the life of health, freedom from illness and vigorous old age! That is the picture which has been portrayed by many writers and painters and widely endorsed by health faddists. But science now knows what is wrong with the picture.

The "splendid savage, tall and vigorous," was undernourished and inclined to be sickly. He was not as big nor did he have the endurance nor were his muscles as well trained as the average well-developed man of modern times. And did the ancient patriarch of the cave finally fulfill his long span of life, the sound teeth and bones and tissues untouched by the diseases of the present day? No! The glowing child of nature of early ages seldom lived to be more than thirty years old, and his teeth were shot with cavities, while his bones and tissues were diseased with tuberculosis, rheumatism and the other ailments which afflict mankind today.

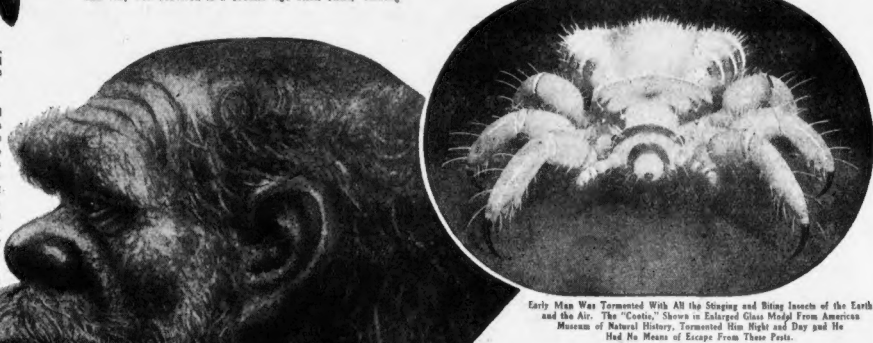
The realities of life in cave-man times, as scientists are beginning to uncover them by the study of the bones and other relics left behind by the vanished savages, make a distressing picture. Those who advise the "back-to-nature" cure for the artificialities of modern civilization have completely overlooked the compensations which civilization has brought to the modern man—age dweller. Not only does modern man live nearly twice as long as his primitive ancestor, but he has the comforts which the prehistoric savages knew nothing about. From morning till night the cave-man itched and scratched because his hairy skin was the hiding place and breeding place of all the itching, stinging bugs and insects of the woods and the fields. He had no way of ridding himself of the "cooties" and the "cooties" eggs nor the other insect pests. And so, too, with the ailments which killed off his children and shortened his own life—he had none of the resources, of course, of modern medicine or surgery.

Lord Moynihan, one of the most distinguished of British physicians, in a recent lecture in London dispensed forever of the myth that primitive man was a healthy, happy and vigorous child of nature. The oldest human relic ever found, the part of the skeleton of the Java ape-man, known scientifically as *Pithecanthropus erectus*, shows clear signs, Lord Moynihan pointed out, of a serious disease of the spine, one of the earliest and most common of the ailments which afflicted the bones of the so-called Heidelberg man, indicates tuberculosis of the bones.

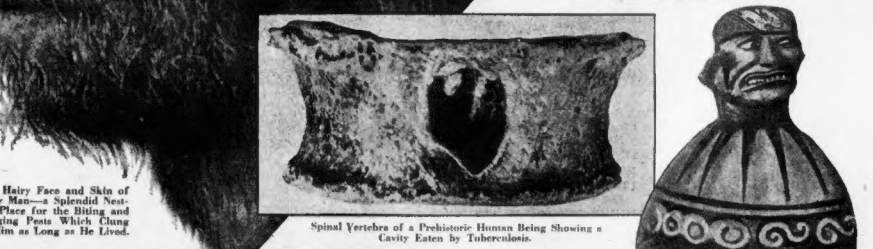
And coming down to early Egyptian centuries, the bone and joint diseases called arthritis was common in all elderly people. At this time when civilization was being founded, the conventional sign for old age in the most ancient hieroglyphics, Dr. Moynihan remarked, was a picture of a man bent double with this disease. Those early days in Egypt, and still more in the previous days of the cave-man, that not a single individual reached advanced age without being more or less crippled by these joint disorders from which the majority of elderly people of the



Primitive Man and His Family, From Painting in the American Museum of Natural History, New York. He Lived "Next to Nature," but It Was a Miserable Existence and Very Few Survived to a Greater Age Than Thirty Years.



Early Man Was Tormented With All the Stinging and Biting Insects of the Earth and the Air. The "Cooties" Show a Enlarged Glass Model From America Museum of Natural History, Tormented Him Night and Day and He Had No Means of Escape From Them Pests.



The Hairy Face and Skin of Early Man a Splendid Nesting Place for the Biting and Stinging Pests Which Clung to Him as Long as He Lived.

Spinal Vertebra of a Prehistoric Human Being Showing a Cavity Eaten by Tuberculosis.



Scars on the Jawbone of Neanderthal Man Who Lived 50,000 to 100,000 Years Ago and Which Reveal a Well-Advanced Case of Pyorrhea.

present day escape. Hardening of the arteries is another condition which many people regard as something strictly modern. Yet researches on an Egyptian mummy have shown that the Pharaoh of Egypt who is believed to have oppressed Moses and the Children of Israel suffered from this disorder in an advanced stage. But before this deterioration of the arteries caused his death, he died from appendicitis.

Ancient man was a terror-stricken creature living in dark, cold, draughty caves, afraid of the elements, in constant danger from wild beasts, and he grabbed what food he could grab and scurried back to his hole in the ground. He had plenty of sunshine—if he had the nerve to stay out in it. But he had rickets and his children perished miserably from that disease of malnutrition, because in his hard struggle for existence he could not get the proper food. He had pyorrhea—four out of five not only had it, but many died of it—for it spread unchecked until necrosis destroyed the jawbone.

It is difficult to decide how the myth of the splendid savage ever arose, unless it was the outgrowth of an early religious belief that man somehow had fallen from a "high estate" in a Garden of Eden where there were no cares, no diseases, no "cooties." But it is now certain that the glorified conception of primitive man is entirely wrong.

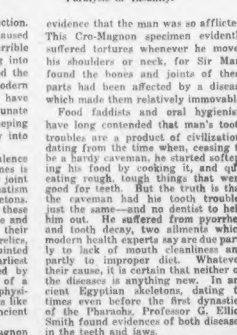
Modern science in the past forty or fifty years has pointed out the wisdom of plenty of exercise, plenty of sunshine, plenty of good food and a natural

the owner might have been operated on by a surgeon before he died. The hole in the Rhodanian skull, however, has been ascribed by a foremost student of the subject, Dr. J. C. M. Given, of London, not to surgery but to germs. The ancient Rhodanian suffered, Dr. Given declares, from the germ infection of the ear and the skull bones now commonly called a mastoid infection. In the beginning this must have caused the unfortunate cave-man a terrible earache. The infection, bursting into the inner ear, probably destroyed the hearing, and finally, lacking the modern surgical treatment which could have controlled this disease, the unfortunate individual was killed by the creeping germ invasion which ate its way into the brain.

Another sure sign of the prevalence of germ diseases in primitive times is the frequency with which bone or joint diseases like arthritis and rheumatism are indicated by the ancient skeletons. Many instances of conditions like these were found by Sir Flinders Petrie and Professor G. Elliot Smith in their studies of ancient Egypt's bone relics—their finds agreeing with the fact pointed out by Lord Moynihan that the earliest word-sign for old age developed by the Egyptians was the picture of a doubled-up old man. Modern physicians believe, in fact, that diseases like arthritis were far commoner in ancient times than they are now.

Not even the famous Cro-Magnon race, the largest, best-brained and most competent specimens of prehistoric man, escaped this universal cave-man scourge of joint disease. In France there has been dug up a skeleton of the Cro-Magnon type which has been described by another famous authority, Sir Marc Ruffer, as giving perfect

Burial Vases Reveal in the Portraits the Affliction Which the Deceased Suffered From. This Chinua Vase Indicates Facial Paralysis or Insanity.



evidence that the man was so afflicted. This Cro-Magnon specimen evidently suffered tortures whenever he moved his shoulders or neck, for Sir Marc found the bones and joints of these parts had been affected by a disease which made them relatively immovable. Food faddists and oral hygienists have long contended that man's tooth troubles are a product of civilization, dating from the time when, ceasing to be a hairy cave-man, he started stuffing his food by cooking it, and quit eating rough, tough things that were good for teeth. But the truth is that the cave-man had his tooth troubles just the same—and no dentist to help him out. He suffered from pyorrhea and tooth decay, two ailments which modern dental experts say are partly the result of mouth cleanliness and partly to improper diet. Whatever their cause, it is certain that neither of the diseases is anything new. In ancient Egyptian skeletons, dating to times even before the first dynasties of the Pharaohs, Professor G. Elliot Smith found evidences of both diseases in the teeth and jaws.

Not long ago experts in the Museum of San Diego, California, examined several hundred skulls of prehistoric American Indians, ancient South Americans and others preserved in that collection. The majority of the teeth were found to be encrusted with tartar and loosened by pyorrhea. Many also

Mummies of Ancient Egypt Have Revealed Pretty Nearly All Human Ailments Known to Modern Man. But in Those Days There Was Little or No Relief for Most Sicknesses.

had cavities in them, due to dental decay. In not a few instances signs were found of serious tooth abscesses, which must have given the owners excruciating pain and may have caused death. For primitive man had no way of pulling an abscessed tooth to stop the poisoning of his system. Instead he made offerings to his gods, tried magic of various kinds, and wound up with rheumatism or heart disease from pus infection.

Even the ancient Hawaiians, blessed with a terrestrial paradise to live in and with better food supplies than has any other primitive race that science knows about, are reported by Professor Roy L. Moodie, of the University of Illinois, to have suffered generally from pyorrhea. In ancient savage skulls from South America the same investigator found that infection had spread from bad teeth to the sinuses in the bones of the face and head, creating the same sinus condition so much dreaded today. It is impossible to calculate, Professor Moodie declares, how much the continual poisoning of the system from such infections might have acted to decrease the vitality of the human race and to alter the course of evolution or of history.

Even before there were men on earth, the animals suffered from these same diseases of the teeth and jaws. Professor Moodie's researches have proved. Fossils of reptiles living in the days of dinosaurs have been found with signs of pyorrhea and tooth decay. Mastodons, prehistoric wolves and tigers suffered from this ailment which some experts call the oldest disease in the world.

In the jawbone of an obolopis, small ancestor of the modern horse which lived in North America fifteen or twenty millions years ago, Professor Moodie found signs of a tumor which he believes to have been caused by germs like those that invade the human body. Another specimen observed was that of a fossil dinosaur which had a tumor or abscess of some kind on its tail—another prehistoric victim of germ infection. If these animals that preceded man suffered from bacterial diseases, there can be no doubt at all that the smaller, puttier animal called man, who had nothing much to recommend him but a better brain, suffered all agonies of disease through the long years of his evolutionary ascent. His brain grew bigger and better, and he was able through countless ages of struggle to conquer one by one the hardships, torments and diseases that he had to conquer to reach the present. Today he is conquering diseases that go back seemingly to the beginning of the ages.

Those who would go back to Nature, back to the "splendid savage" of man's ancestral cave, must go back down the evolutionary ladder and pick up the ailments which torment a skeleton that has left them off. And at the bottom of the ladder he will find a shrunken, harried old fellow, vermin-bitten, germ-laden, frightened cave-man, cowering in the dark of his cavern, fearful of the coming dawn when he must creep out and brave the danger of wild beasts in search of food for his rickety children.



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"I have found the way to serve my family tasty warm weather meals that are easy to digest—yet full of energizing nourishment. I simply use Mueller's Elbow Macaroni—the year 'round food—liked by young and old. It cooks up in 9 minutes' boiling.

"In no time at all I can make up the most appetizing salads. A favorite of mine, Elbow Macaroni Salad a la Mueller, always brings favorable comments. Besides it can be easily and quickly prepared. You will find many other appealing and economical summer recipes described in the free Mueller Recipe Book.

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ELBOW MACARONI SALAD a la Mueller

(See Our Recipe Book, Page 29)

1 Package Mueller's Elbow Macaroni	1/2 Teaspoon salt
1 Cup celery, diced	1/2 Teaspoon paprika
1/2 Cup cabbage, shredded	1 Cup mayonnaise dressing
1 Tablespoon parsley, minced	1 Head lettuce
1 Tablespoon lemon juice	Rose radishes

Boil the elbow macaroni for 9 minutes in 4 quarts rapidly boiling water to which 1 tablespoon salt has been added. Drain and chill. Combine the elbow macaroni, celery, cabbage, parsley, lemon juice, salt and paprika. Add the mayonnaise dressing, chilled. Toss together with a fork and serve on crisp lettuce leaves. Garnish with rose radishes.



Delicious
**EGG NOODLE
RING**

(See Page 36 of Recipe Book)

Your family will like this combination of Mueller's Egg Noodles, butter, cream, beaten eggs and seasoning baked in a ring mold. When served, center of ring is filled with mushrooms, fish, diced chicken or meat and garnished with pimento.

"It cooks up better"

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**SPAGHETTI
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Cooked Spaghetti
Just HEAT and EAT

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"ANY CAR THAT HASN'T PATENTED FLOATING POWER IS OUT-OF-DATE"



WALTER P. CHRYSLER TELLS HOW VIBRATION IS CONQUERED IN ONE, AND ONLY ONE, OF THE THREE LOWEST-PRICED CARS — THE PLYMOUTH

WHEN I SAY that any car that hasn't patented Floating Power is out-of-date, I challenge every competitor of the New 1932 Plymouth.

There is only one genuine Floating Power. That is the revolutionary engine mounting pioneered by Plymouth.

Plymouth's Floating Power is an advantage found in *no other* car in Plymouth's price class.

Floating Power makes Plymouth the *only* lowest-priced car free of body vibration. It gives the New Plymouth the smoothness of a high-priced eight.

You can prove this for yourself. Drive a Plymouth with Floating Power. Then drive any car with old-fashioned engine mountings — and *feel* the difference in riding qualities.

In addition to Floating Power, the New Plymouth includes every feature that the most modern car can have.

Its 112-inch wheelbase accommodates a larger and roomier Safety-Steel body. Plymouth is a *big* car. It's a beautiful car — far smarter than any other car in its price class.

The New Plymouth has increased power — greater speed, faster get-away, greater all-around performance. It's thrilling.

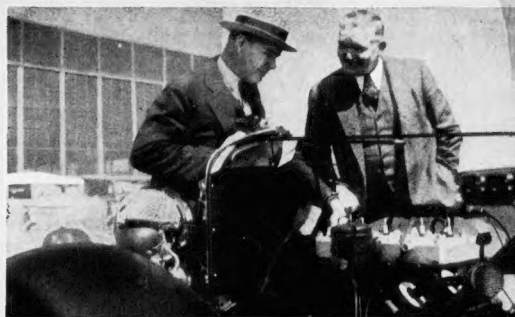
I think it's the easiest riding car I have ever driven. See for yourself. I'd like *your* opinion, too.

And I'm also sure you'll be enthusiastic about its easy handling. With Free Wheeling, the new Automatic Clutch, the Silent-Second, Easy-Shift Transmission, Plymouth is a real joy to drive. And Hydraulic Brakes make you so much safer and surer.

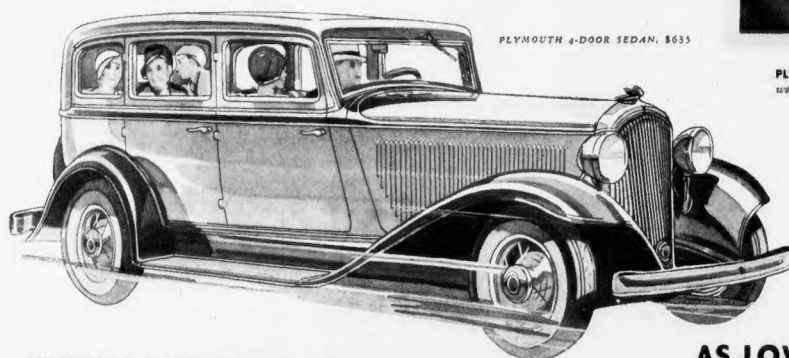
I urge you to go and *see* the New Plymouth. Compare

it with the other two cars in the lowest-priced field. Drive it. See for yourself why your Plymouth dollar buys more.

10 MODELS—Business Roadster \$495, Business Coupe \$565, 2-door Sedan \$575, Sport Roadster \$595, Sport Phaeton \$595, Coupe (with rumble seat) \$610, 4-door Sedan \$635, Convertible Coupe \$645, 7-passenger Sedan (121-inch wheelbase) \$725, Convertible Sedan \$785. **THRIFT MODELS**—2-door Sedan \$495, 4-door Sedan \$575. All prices f. o. b. factory. Low delivered prices. Convenient time-payments. All enclosed models wired for Philco-Transitone radio without extra cost.



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PLYMOUTH 4-DOOR SEDAN, \$635

Patented FLOATING POWER . . . 65-H. P. Engine . . . Free Wheeling . . . Silent-Second, Easy-Shift Transmission . . . Safety-Steel Bodies . . . Rigid-X Double-Drop Frame . . . Hydraulic Brakes with Centrifuge Brake Drums . . . Smart Body Styles . . . 112-inch Wheelbase. Optional Equipment at Slight Extra Cost: Automatic Clutch \$8; Duplate Safety Plate Glass, Coupe \$9.50, 4-door Sedan \$17.50. **TUNE IN** on Chrysler Motors Radio Program "Ziegfeld Radio Show" personally conducted by Flo Ziegfeld — Columbia Coast-to-Coast Network; every Sunday evening.

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The Latest Inventions—5000 of Them

Miracles Performed by Newly Patented Gadgets—a Machine That Turns Butter Into Cream, Skid-Chains for Ladies' Shoes, Fish-Hook That Automatically Grabs the Fish, a Perfumed Cheese Fork and Other Novel Devices



Truly a Miracle. No Cream for the Strawberry or Coffee? Get a Hunk of Butter Out of the Ice-box and a Little Milk, Drop Them Into This Machine, Turn the Crank—And the Process of Nature Is Reversed and You Have Your Cream.

It is the ambition of most people to solve a murder mystery or "invent something." Very few have the luck or opportunity to unravel a mysterious crime, but anybody can invent something. At the recent Fourth International Patent Exhibition in New York City 5,000 new inventions were shown.

But an invention may be of no value to mankind, and a patent does not necessarily mean anything until it has been tested in the courts. Many a happy inventor gets his certificate from Washington and then wakes up later on to find that somebody else patented that same idea before he did.

Of the 5,000 inventions recently exhibited, many of them were frivolous, unworkable, served no useful purpose, filled no private or public demand, and will never be seen on the market. They were just curious gadgets developed in the minds of boys and girls and men and women, the youngest by a child of nine, and many of them as funny as anything devised by people who are in that line of business—the reversible hat for women, invented by a Western cattleman; a new-fangled book rack by a hotel chef; a gymnasium machine by a seamstress; a flying machine by a Pullman porter.

Prison convicts, gentlemen of leisure with plenty of time on their hands, contributed many devices, but no jail-breaking appliances. The dangers of kidding in its many unpleasant forms seemed to have obsessed numerous inventors. Many who made non-skid soap, soap that buttoned into the soap dish; non-skid appliances for the turkey, which menaces the carver's skirt and the tablecloth; and non-skid shoe chains for the pedestrian. The idea of the shoe chains is simple—why hadn't anybody thought of it before? Many of the chains for years have depended upon chains to keep them from sliding hither or thither on slippery roads and pavements. Why not apply the same idea to the shoe-leather or rubber sole? At the first sign of ice, if the walker is very wary, he will begin to pack his heels along with the chain, and the chain for the office in the morning. Only the wear of a minute, if the situation really gets serious, to all down on someone's doorstep and hook on the chains. It is the idea of the inventor that ladies as well as gentlemen will want these safety devices. They would have been invaluable for Eliza when she crossed the ice in "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

Then there is the dust-action fire-alarm shown at the exposition, which makes it an interesting indoor game to sweep flies in this device. A speckling chance—he must be caught on the wing. A determined little girl of eleven, H. Lindberg, of Ossining, N. Y., invented this. Sportsmen and big game trappers who attended the patent exhibition were also interested in an electrical mouse trap which not only catches the mouse but also deprives him, after being caught, of the last red privilege of eating the bait. It was called derisively the "Scotch mouse trap."

First-aid to the angler were numerous at the exposition. Many who have followed the ancient sport of fishing, accompanied, perchance, by a jug, have found themselves overcome by a feeling of drowsiness owing to the long time between fish. An inventor by the name of Wilbur Fischer has overcome this obstacle. Using his patented fish-alarm rod, the angler simply throws the line into the water, sticks the end of the rod in the ground and goes to sleep. The minute a fish tugs on the

Everybody Knows What a Fatiguing Thing It Is to Strike a Match. This Labor-Saving Device Lights the Match by Gently Pressing It on the Automatic Match Lighter.



"Swat the Fly" Has Been Raised to the Dignity of an Indoor Sport. This Snappy Fly-Trap Device.



Everybody Knows How Chafes Present the Car From Skidding. Why Did Nobody Until Now Ever Offer Skid Chains for Our Shoes?

line sufficiently hard to bend the rod, an alarm bell is set off and the fisherman instantly awakens and pulls in his fish. This is not an entirely new idea. The invention, unhappily, does not take into account mere nibbles, but it is likely that a future refinement will provide a nibble-alarm, too.

To save the fisherman time and effort—nearly all inventions are designed to save time—there is another device created by Abel P. Sherman which may be added to the fish-alarm rod and makes the catching of fish automatic. While the line is idle and innocent of fish, a spring of rubber attached both to the rod and the line is held extended by a clip. The minute the fish tugs at the hook, zip goes the clip, the spring snaps, and, so-called—right in the fisherman's lap, maybe, comes the fish, even while the alarm is ringing to wake him up.

There is a third first-aid for fishermen shown at the exposition which will not be favored by those who like to tell tall fish stories. It is a patented rod which includes a set of scales for weighing the fish and a tape for measuring its actual length the minute it is caught. Of course one has to call a friend to bear witness. Combining this with a time recorder and clock-punching system, however, the able fisherman can furnish absolute proof that he did catch that fish exactly as related. Nothing is more important, of course, to modern man than labor-saving and time-saving devices. Consider the worldwide waste of time and exertion for instance, in searching for matches. An average smoker lights, perhaps, twenty cigarettes a day, if he

Life-Preservers Are Such Spoil-Spoiling Things. But This One Is Decorative and Interesting. Everybody on Ocean Steamer, Excursion Boat, Private Yacht or Row-boat Will Want to Own and Wear One.

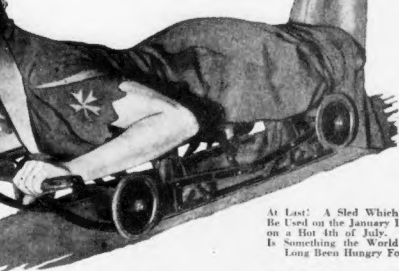


Use the Non-Skid Soap With the Soap Hump Round Your Finger and It Will Not Be Necessary to Chase It Around the Bathroom Floor.

since the first man at the first oyster—has had to get along without any oyster-opener except an oyster knife or its equivalent, which any one pried open the unwilling jaws of the bivalve. Steaming oysters makes them open automatically, but destroys the native salty taste which oyster connoisseurs relish. Hence man has had to struggle along with the oyster knife or sledge hammer—and a mighty good man it takes, too, to open an oyster ringer. But Oscar Abbatto, of that premiere oyster city, Baltimore, has invented an oyster-opening machine which attracted much notice among oyster-opener at the patent exposition.

The machine comprises a two-jawed vice. The oyster is fastened to one jaw of the vice so that its hinge faces the other jaw, from which protrudes a blade like that of a chisel. When the two jaws are cranked together the chisel splits the oyster's hinge and runs in under the shell. For centuries man has opened oysters for the other end, but Mr. Abbatto, who claims his machine can open twenty-five oysters a minute, may have done something.

Like a mild echo of the oyster opener is T. J. Snapp's automatic egg-sheller. It is an atomizer built fastened to a wooden cup. Directions as follows: Take one hard-boiled egg, crack shell at one end, place cracked end in cup, squeeze bulb. Air is forced between shell and egg. Result: Shell may be slipped off over head of egg—like a night shirt. Believe it or not. Perhaps more amusing than utilitarian, is the Winter-and-Summer sled perfected by J. Kelly, of Springfield, Mass. On icy hills it is a sled with perfectly good runners, but for Summer use a simple adjustment brings wheels in place which will make it a very swift scooter downhill—and the thing it will need most is brakes. Anybody may well be proud of inventing a sled that



At Last! A Sled Which Can Be Used on the January Ice or on a Hot Flat of July. Here It Is! Something the World Has Long Been Hungry For.

can be used on a hot Fourth of July.

Man may not be able to reverse evolution and travel backward to his early monkey existence. But an ingenious inventor has succeeded in reversing the process of Nature in turning a butter ball back to its earlier condition. There is always butter in the ice-box, and perhaps a little milk in the bottom of the milk bottle. But there may be no cream for the strawberries or an additional cup of coffee. But never mind. Take a hunk of sweet butter and a little milk and shove them into the machine, turn the handle—and you have your cream.

The life-preserver is a stupid-looking, but a very strange thing. But now there is quite an elaborate and rather decorative life-saving appliance which looks like the great-grandmother's bookrack. A picture of this is shown elsewhere on this page.

If some of the serious-minded inventors did not see the comic aspect of some of their inventions, yet there were some inventors who deliberately conceived ludicrous gadgets. One such invention is a special fork designed for eating Limburger cheese. The fork has a piece of cotton on the end of a wire projecting from the handle. Put a dash of perfuming essence of Limburger comes under the nostrils of the cheese eater, and thus the happy owner of the special fork is spared the odor of this notorious cheese.

There is also an old-fashioned necktie with sponge attachment for people who dribble their soup or spill greasy morsels on their table. Dip the sponge and clean the necktie after each meal.

And here is a self-returnable parrot. All you have to do is to fasten a homing pigeon to the parrot and if you carefully keep the bird in a street car or a friend's house, you will find it on the doorstep of your still when you get home. Of course, whenever you take your umbrella or parasol you must hang along the pigeon.

A non-skid banana peel is also exhibited. This simple device calls for a piece of sandpaper to be attached to the banana skin by rubber bands. Children came in for a lot of attention at the patent exposition, and so did cows and their pleasing products. Five bottle holders for babies were on display, and the photograph on this page illustrates one of them, that invented by B. Kramick, of Coatesville, Pa. The device, which with one is that, like many inventions, it needs special conditions. Special pockets have to be built into the various pieces of furniture with which it is used in order to keep it from coming or tipping over—and at the cost of renovating all the furniture, mama or papa probably will continue to hold baby's bottle until baby is through.

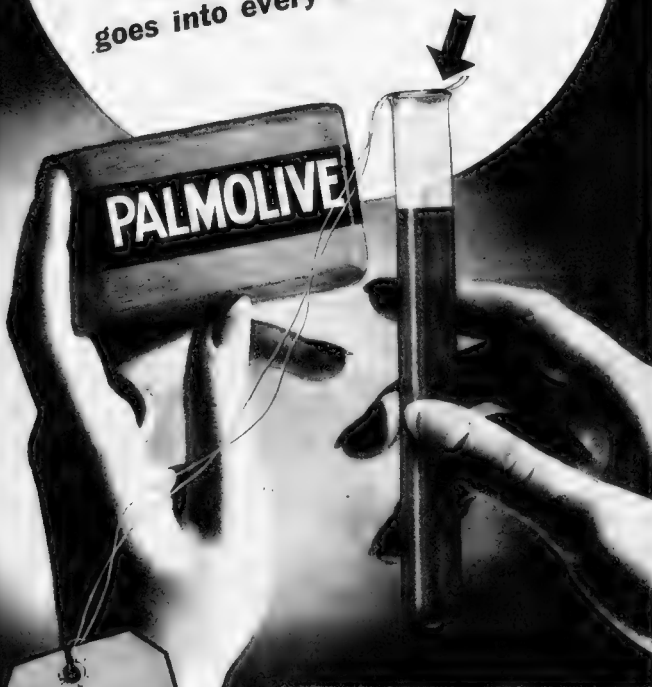
Baby calves, too, present a feeding problem on the farm. Sometimes they are hard to wean away from the mother cow, and refuse to drink milk out of a bucket. So Henry Knutson, of North Dakota, has thought up a very fine stick, a rubber tube into a full milk of milk, clean the tube, and insert the stick so it won't slip, and pull the other end into a special patented life-preserver. The rubber tube and the rubber test and is satisfied.

Another Dakota family, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Lemmon, of S. D., have the cow and baby combination in mind for the barnyard. A mother cow who sent a cow's tail holder—no one can have any idea, if he never milked a cow, how irritating a cow's tail can be, swished in his face. So Mr. Lemmon invented a metal bar which traps over the cow's posterior and holds the tail in place. And Mrs. Lemmon invented a baby blanket. A mother who happened to have a cow's tail holder—no one can have any idea, if he never milked a cow, how irritating a cow's tail can be, swished in his face. So Mr. Lemmon invented a metal bar which traps over the cow's posterior and holds the tail in place. And Mrs. Lemmon invented a baby blanket. A mother who happened to have a cow's tail holder—no one can have any idea, if he never milked a cow, how irritating a cow's tail can be, swished in his face. So Mr. Lemmon invented a metal bar which traps over the cow's posterior and holds the tail in place. And Mrs. Lemmon invented a baby blanket.

Hundreds of automobile and railroad appliances were included in the many thousands exhibited at the exposition. One of the great many elaborate new-fangled spot lights for automobiles were exhibited. A motorist who happened to have J. J. Jackson's light system on the back of his car would be able to inform the fellow behind him of almost anything he might have on his mind. When he started to back up the word "Back" would be illuminated. Turns to right and left, stopping and going would be similarly illuminated.

THIS MUCH OLIVE OIL

goes into every cake of Palmolive



That photograph above is actual size. It gives you camera proof of the exact amount of olive oil that goes into every 10c cake of Palmolive Soap. Believe your eyes! Here's striking testimony to the beauty value of Palmolive Soap—testimony that has convinced thousands of experts!

That's why Palmolive is truly a beauty soap

That's why more than 20,000 beauty experts have urged you to use Palmolive as the safe and effective beauty-cleansing soap

LOOK! See that test tube? All that olive oil goes into every ten-cent cake of Palmolive Soap. A startling fact . . . a fact so important in beauty culture that over 20,000 experts have endorsed this olive and palm oil soap!

Beauty experts recognize the effectiveness of olive oil in soap. To it they attribute Palmolive's remarkable beauty-cleansing properties. They know that olive oil soothes, cleanses, penetrates.

Palmolive, you know, is the one leading facial soap with an olive oil base. It is the one outstanding toilet soap made exclusively of vegetable oils. Added to the generous percentage of olive oil are oils from palm trees to give that rich, creamy, workable lather.

What about other soaps?

Do you know about them? What they contain? Olive oil? Vegetable oils? Can you find out what is in them? And unless you know, do you want to trust them on your skin? For safety's sake, for the sake of your skin beauty, trust only Palmolive.

Palmolive contains no artificial coloring matter. Its green is the green of the vegetable oils themselves. And its fragrance is natural—there is no strong scent to quarrel with your favorite perfume. This soap is naturally fresh and wholesome, just like the complexions it fosters.

How to use Palmolive

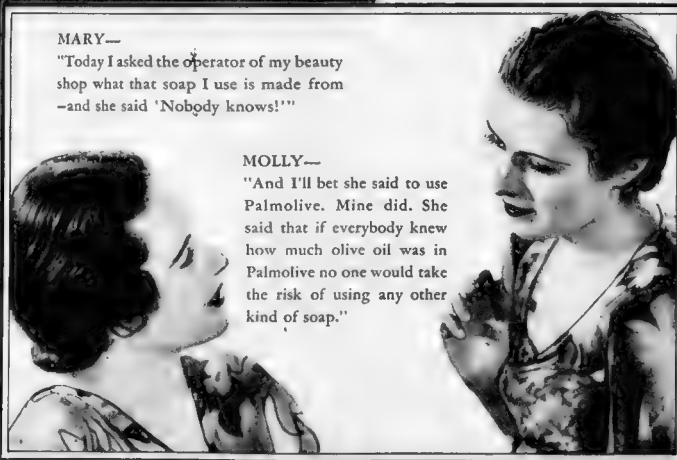
Use it, this way, twice daily: work a creamy lather into face and throat with your hands. Rinse with warm water, followed by cool. Use Palmolive in the bath, too. Let its olive and palm oil soap lather freshen, revive and protect your skin. Millions do. They have found it the true way to keep that schoolgirl complexion.

MARY—

"Today I asked the operator of my beauty shop what that soap I use is made from—and she said 'Nobody knows!'"

MOLLY—

"And I'll bet she said to use Palmolive. Mine did. She said that if everybody knew how much olive oil was in Palmolive no one would take the risk of using any other kind of soap."



Keep that Schoolgirl Complexion

Buy A "Gunman's Moll"

Margaret Murray, Who Was the "Bright Eyes" (the for Stephen Sweeney's Hold-Up Gang, Secrets of Life in the Underworld—a Miserable Existence, With Death Disaster Always Threatening)



Sally Joyce Richards, Who Became Head of a Hold-Up Gang and Soon Earned the Nickname of the "Tiger Girl." Who Would Guess That This Face Masked a Desperate, Murderous Woman?



Millie Arnone, Pretty, Blonde, and Only 19 Years Old. She Was Caught After Her First Hold-Up Attempt, Is Now in Prison and Will Testify That Crime Does Not Pay.



Miss Nell Hardin, Rather Attractive Young Southern Girl, Who Was Found Guilty of Robbing a Man. Who Would Suspect That She Was a Dangerous Woman?



Louise Showalter, Only 16 Years Old. Would Anyone Suppose That Such a Nice Looking Girl Would Be Engaged in Hold-Ups?

By Margaret Murray
Who Was the "Bright Eyes" for Stephen Sweeney's Gang, Which Racketed More Than 500 New York Speakeasies.

CHAPTER IV.

(Continued from Last Story)

THE underworld has its social ratings like the upperworld. The "big shots," leaders of gangs so powerful that they are above the law, are feared, honored and looked up to, just as captains of industry are revered in the business world.

But there are some old-time aristocrats of crime, such as counterfeiters and bank robbers, who even look down upon men like Al Capone and call them mere upstarts. Pickpockets, sneak-thieves and prowlers are the humblest forms of criminal life, but even these despicable blackmailers and bomb-throwers, who usually work together. And all classes join in hating and killing the stool pigeon or "rat," also known as the "finger man."

The bomb-thrower, whom we call a "pineapple tosser," is the hardest man in the world for the cops to catch. Anarchists and other crazy loons have been using bombs for a long time, but they never really belonged in the underworld. Like the machine gun and the sawed-off shotgun, the bomb is rather new in professional crime, where it is resented as poison gas was in the war.

Anyone with mechanical ability can make a bomb powerful enough to blow up a house and kill everyone in it. Dynamite, caps and fuses are used by excavating contractors everywhere, and rather carelessly guarded. The mean thing about the "pineapple" is that, more often than not, it kills or injures the wrong people, like the bombs sent by the anti-Fascists which killed those clerks in the postoffice not long ago.

The public reads of hold-ups, counterfeiting, safe-blowing and even murders with interest but very little indignation, as long as someone else is the victim. But a bomb explosion is another matter. It is called an "outrage" and makes people angry at criminals in general, which is bad for the underworld.

Steve Sweeney, leader of our gang, or, as we called it, "mob," used to say that "pineapple tossers" ought to be classed with "rats" and "put on the spot." The bomb's chief usefulness is as a terrorizer. It was first introduced in Chicago when the racketeers began to muscle into control of the labor organizations under the pretense of "protecting" them.

It began with cleaning and dyeing houses, laundries, coal and ice men. Any dealer who did not pay for "protection" would wake up some morning to find the front of his place of business blown in. If this demonstration did not sell him the idea of buying the racketeer's "insurance" his home would be blown up. Should it happen to kill him and his family, they had lost a possible customer, but hundreds of others would read of it and learn their lesson. A man may risk his own life in defying extortion, but not many will expose a wife and babies to dynamite. No matter how far away he sends his family, it may be reached by a bomb mailed in a box of candy.

Then the organizations which supplied Chicago speakeasies with their liquor began to use "pineapples" on their own customers. Like other big cities, Chicago was divided off into areas, each controlled and jealously watched over by its gang. Anyone who wanted to start a new speakeasy must first make connections with the political powers. By paying a certain amount each week he was assured of police pro-

tection, which did not mean that the cops would guard his place, only that they would not bother him. Next he had to make contact with the gang that supplied liquor for that territory.

These gangsters might tell him that his proposed location was too close to another of their customers, but they would find a better place for him. If he had already signed a lease and paid something down, they would see the landlord and persuade him with a "pineapple" if necessary.

Once started, the speakeasy proprietor is usually at the mercy of the men who sell him his liquor. He must pay any price they ask or go out of business. Some of them, furious at having to hand over nearly all their profits, listened to much lower offers from a gang that did not belong in that territory. This was "chiseling in," the chief cause of gang warfare and also of speakeasy bombings. The gang that had lost a customer would toss a "pineapple" into his speakeasy from time to time until he came back to it.

Some of the highest class speakeasies on the most prominent streets of Chicago's loop were not once but several times subjected to bombs when they defied one gang and ordered from another. A few years ago, at the peak of the bombing nuisance in Chicago, it was found that the only way to stop the bombing was to break up the gangs that employed the bombers.

Nowadays the bomb is used not only in Chicago, but in New York and other cities in the latest underworld racket—kidnaping rich men and holding them for ransom. These kidnaped victims are often men on the fringes of the underworld with interest in gambling houses, night clubs, speakeasies and other activities outside the law. This is what makes these victims so strangely forgiving. They don't want the publicity. When one of these men is kidnaped, unless his friends are prompt in raising the ransom demanded, "pineapples" are used to force them to give up the money. Their homes and places of business are bombed.

A variation of this racket is plain extortion. The intended victim is informed by mail that unless he pays over a large sum at a certain time he will be kidnaped. If he makes no move to make these payments, the extortion gang uses persuasion in the shape of exploding bombs at his home or business place. Perhaps his nearest and dearest relative will also be bombed. If the victim still holds out he is really kidnaped and the bombs are used on his home, relatives and friends to force him to buy his freedom.

There are many more of these kidnappings and ransoms paid than the public ever reads of in the newspapers. The bombing racket has never gone as far in New York as in Chicago a few years ago, but there is still some going on here and there. For instance, the New Jersey Fur Dressing Company in North Arlington, New Jersey, was twice bombed because the company refused to pay New York racketeers for protection. After the second outrage, police for a long time were stationed day and night in the plant, with

orders to shoot to kill any prowlers or suspicious persons.

I have listened to a good deal of discussion as to whether a criminal can be spotted by his looks. I have heard people say, "He is a tough-looking guy," or "That man looks like a murderer," or "I wouldn't trust anybody with a face like that." But I don't think there is much of anything in this notion that evil character is reflected by your looks. Steve Sweeney was a daring, resourceful criminal, but there was nothing about his appearance to make anybody suspect him. And I have seen, especially among women, some of the most innocent, gentle-looking faces on terribly desperate characters.

Let me point out some examples: Take Sally Joyce Richards, who became head of a hold-up gang in Buffalo. She was captured with some others after a jewelry store hold-up. Sally entered the store first, pulled a gun on the clerk and gave the orders to the two men who were with her in the robbery. During her trial she tried to cut the throat of her sweetheart right in the courtroom. And after she was locked up in Auburn Prison she knocked out the matron and escaped, but was caught and brought back. Would anybody ever judge from her face that she was, as they called her, the "Tiger Girl"?

Pretty blonde 19-year-old Millie Arnone is locked up on an indeterminate sentence because she and a man friend held up a restaurant with pistols in their hands, emptying the cash register and the customers' pockets. She was worried and unhappy when they brought her to court and gave her her sentence, but is there anything in the features of Millie to lead anybody to suppose that she would engage in a hold-up, ready to shoot if necessary?

And 16-year-old Louise Showalter. Would even a scientist be smart enough to see in her face and appearance a desperate hold-up girl? So, too, I claim, there is nothing in the quiet, lady-like face and general appearance of Miss

THE gangster and the gunman have the movies and on the stage, and the "gunman's moll," are presented stagger under a weight of jewels and furs.

But Margaret Murray, who was a quite a different picture of real life in the "Bright Eyes" (the lookout) for the gang leader. It was a rather successful hold-up than 500 hold-ups in New York City's casinos.

But the inevitable jealousies and com Steve Sweeney, the leader, was executed was present when the man she loved was anxiously watched the newspapers and without surprise, of the finding of alongside the road.

And then Margaret had the courage underworld—she told the police all about to-unmy in court which put two of the now reveals the truth of gangster life—rewards utterly inadequate to the risks, cannot be escaped.

Nell Hardin, a Southern girl who was found guilty of helping knock out a victim and rob him.

Of course, some men and some women have what are called "bad" faces, and some are criminals, but some are not. I don't believe you can pick out crooks by their looks.

I was taken into Steve's mob with almost no experience in underworld ways, and often my ignorance of the profession amused them. In a previous chapter I mentioned that Steve and the others often went to pool rooms in order to locate new customers and to get an introduction to them. One day I innocently asked why he did not "stick up" the pool room itself. Steve brought his fist down on the table.

"Marvelous!" he cried. "What an idea! It takes a moll to think of a thing like that. What do you say we clip one tonight?" It did not seem so wonderful to me, but I listened, flattered, while they planned when and where and how it was to be done, and then Steve said:

"But in this case we will all stay outside in the car and be 'Bright Eyes' for you, while you go in with a couple of guns and stick up the place."

"But I wouldn't know how to do that," I said in astonishment.

"Neither do we," laughed Steve, and then I realized that they had been kidding me. A gangster with any sense and experience would about as soon try to stick up a police station as a pool room. Someone tries it occasionally to his sorrow.

Stick-up men have found that when they draw their guns and order the cashier and the billiard players to stick up their hands, the customers are very likely to drop down between the tables and bombard the stick-up men with pool balls. Now proof for a man who wants to throw pool balls. Of course, it is impossible to shoot through a pool table, and stick-up men are at a wretched disadvantage with the pool balls raining on them from several directions. Even if the patrons haven't got nerve enough to poke their heads up and aim at the stick-up men, they can make it almost as disastrous by simply throwing balls through the windows. The crash of falling balls is sure to bring policemen running from blocks around. Even if no cop happens to be in the neighborhood, the breaking glass and bouncing of pool balls on the sidewalk and in the street is

Where The Crusaders' Mighty Battles Were Fought

**Ruins of a Stronghold of Saladin,
the Moslem Sultan, Which He
Built With Thick Walls
to Stop the Christian
Warriors From Crossing
the River Jordan**

Distant View of the Old Castle on the Hill.

Flourie, Daughter of the Duke of Burgundy, Accompanied Her Fiance, Swein, King of Denmark, to the Holy Sepulchre, and They Were to Be Married After the Capture of Jerusalem. The Girl Fought Valiantly by the Side of Her Hero, but Fell Forged by Seven Arrows, and the Danish King Was Killed Beside Her.

THERE is no more dramatic chapter in history than the story of the Crusades—the Christian knights, on a King under the banner of the cross, against the unrelenting Saracens, to rescue Jerusalem and the Holy Sepulchre from the Moslems' unobtainable grasp. And now after 800 years, the city of the Palestine Antiquities Department has been assigned to the light of the mightiest battles fought in the history of the world. The great champion of Islam and the great champion of Christianity.

The castle was built by Saladin generally to stop the driving Crusader Reginald of England, who actually raided the city of Jerusalem in 1187. The castle was built by Saladin generally to stop the driving Crusader Reginald of England, who actually raided the city of Jerusalem in 1187. The castle was built by Saladin generally to stop the driving Crusader Reginald of England, who actually raided the city of Jerusalem in 1187.

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When the Signal Was Given, Ladders Were Raised Against the Ramparts. The Besieged Opposed a Spirited Resistance and Showered Upon Their Enemies a Tempest of Darts and Arrows, With Torrents of Boiling Oil, as They Repulsed the Crusaders and Pushed the Ladders From the Walls.

Grand, an Unfortunate Christian Knight, Had Been Left With the Moslems as a Hostage. When Godfrey Attacked the City the Infidel Lashed Gerard to a Cross on the Ramparts, Thinking to Deter the Crusaders. Gerard Died With Christian Fortitude and Begged His Old Companions to Offer His Horse and His Arms at the Holy Sepulchre.

Saladin's empire fell to ruin at his death, his own family having conspired against him. One of his nephews had gained possession of this great stronghold. Saladin's able amir, Usama, was arrested and put to death by the Sultan's rebellious kinsmen in 1212.

The building is described by the experts as of the strongest and finest character. The main defensive walls are from seven to twelve feet thick, all regularly jointed with great stones and well bedded. The Ajlun walls are said to be almost pure masonry, quite different from most of the Middle Ages, which consisted of an outer skin of good masonry with a rubble filling.

The stones are generally five to seven feet long and about two feet wide, and those at the corners of the south tower as much as eight feet in length. A few relics of Roman times were found, showing that there had been some building on this site 200 years or more before the day of Saladin.

A little crudely carved with a cross, a relic of some Christian building, was also built into the castle. This may have been material from an ancient ruin on the same site. When the Crusaders succumbed to their heathen enemies or died out through inability to hold their own amid hostile surroundings, the usefulness of Saladin's old stronghold gradually came to an end. It was used as a storeroom in 1217. When the Tartars, who were even more barbarous than any of the other Moslems, conquered the country, they captured the castle and partially wrecked it. They were nomads and had no use for castles. After then came a still more barbarous and cruel race of conquerors, the Mongols, who committed further damage.

Then it fell into the hands of the slovenly Turks, who neglected it and kept it in a state of dirt and disrepair, they did every beautiful building which fell into their hands. But in spite of all these injuries the strength

At the Battle of Hattin the Christian Soldiers Fought the Turks With Immovable Bravery, Inspired by Visions of Angels in the Sky Beaming With a Glittering Cross. The Moslems Were Put to Rout With Tremendous Slaughter.



The Tower at the Corner of the Old Fortification, as It Stands Today in Well Preserved Condition After Eight Centuries.



Vaulted Gallery Inside the Old Fortification, Showing Ruins of a Stone Staircase.

of Ajlun was so great that most of it remains to the present day. The noted traveler Burckhardt records the curious fact that in 1812 it was inhabited by 40 persons of the distinguished family of Barakat.

The greatest disaster that Saladin inflicted on the Crusaders was the Battle of Lake Tiberias. This is linked up with the old castle at Ajlun because one of the foremost Crusaders to meet disaster at the battle was Reginald of Kerak, chief whose during raids Saladin built his stronghold.

The terrible Battle of Tiberias is said to have been fought within sight of the spot where the Saviour preached the Sermon on the Mount and proclaimed "Blessed are the peacemakers." The Christians advanced to meet Saladin in haste, laden with their armor in the fierce heat of summer and unsupplied with water, believing they did every beautiful building which fell into their hands. But in spite of all these injuries the strength

harassed the Crusaders, as they plied along the shadows, glancing in the darkness, while the sun beat fiercely on their armor and helmets, and not a drop of water was to be had.

The leader of the Crusaders, Guy of Lusignan, King of Jerusalem, fearing that the rear of his army was in danger of being cut off, called a halt before half the distance to Tiberias was covered. This finally ended the possibility of obtaining water for the sold.

All through the night the one cry was for water. A raging thirst consumed man and horse. The voices of the Saracens could be heard close by, as they rode round the army of the doomed Christians, triumphantly shouting, "There is no God but Allah, there is no God but Allah."

The Saracens set fire to the scrubland and increased the torment of the Christians. The Saracens who held the well were free and confident. Saladin had posted his men in the night and carefully distributed their rounds of arrows. Every Saracen's quiver was full; 70 camels stood at hand laden with arrows to replenish them; and there were 400 loads of spare ammunition. All these details are given by the Arab historian, Imad ad-Din.

The battle began with a cloud of arrows from the Saracen archers, "thick as a flight of locusts," which unhorsed many of the enemy. Then a shout the Moslems charged like one man, and a hand to hand fight ensued. Saladin was in every part of the field, exciting, encouraging, restraining his men and using the Arab's tantalizing tactics—retreat before a charge, followed by instant pursuit of the retreating enemy.

Fatigued as they were, the Christian knights fought like heroes. The infantry, maddened with thirst, scorched by the burning sun, and blinded by the flame and smoke of the bush which the Moslems had fired, lost their formation and got out of touch with the knights, which was the only hope for victory, while they struggled to push towards the lake in a desperate longing for water. But Saladin barred the way.

The last stand was made on one of the Horns of Hattin. The Crusader king and 150 of the bravest nobles and knights gathered on this hillcock round the royal tent. The Holy Cross. They made a desperate effort to break through the Moslems, but in vain. The "Wood of the Crucifixion" had been their standard through the battle, fell into the hands of the infidels and the Bishop of Acre, who bore it was slain. Tortured with thirst, the knights got on horseback and tried to charge, but they were mowed down in sheer despair. All who remained alive were made prisoners. The Crusader king was taken to the Sultan and been their standard through the battle, fell into the hands of the infidels and the Bishop of Acre, who bore it was slain.

The Sultan Saladin received the captured King of Jerusalem and treated the king courteously. Saladin said to the king, "I have sworn to kill him. Once he has sought to invade the Holy Cities, and again when he took the crown by treachery. Lo! I will avenge Mohammed upon thee!"

With these words Saladin drew his sword and cut him down with his own hand as he had sworn. The guard then dragged his body out of the tent as if he had been a dead animal.

Lookout) Reveals Hunted, or tening

glorified in novels, in
women of these bandits,
care-free queens who

man's "moll," draws quite
underworld. She was the
and the sweetheart of the
outfit and managed more
without capture or serious

blasts across inside the gang,
by his own men. Margaret
"taken for a ride." She
next day learned with grief,
his bullet-punctured body

to defy the law of the
at the killers and gave the
gang in Sing Sing. She
wretched existence, with
and a disastrous end which

and to collect a crowd that will pour into the
l room to see what the trouble is all about.
With balls flying at them, the angry and
thinned gangsters do the only thing they can,
se away at their hidden enemies. As soon as
se that their guns are empty, the patrons
he pool room rise up and attack with their
ard cues, deadly weapons if used right. A
should not be swung like a club, but held
v-end first, like a spear. At close range it
most impossible to dodge a quick lunge, and
n goes the stick-up man. I withdrew the
natio.

The guns the boys used mostly were little,
t .32-caliber pistols so thin and small that one
ld almost be covered by the hand. Steve used
alk around with four of these guns on him at
ne. As I will explain in the next chapter, he
his policy to make an arsenal of himself this
t, until the moment they were ready to enter
speakeasy, and only then did he pass out the
t" to the other members. They also had a
y complete outfit of other weapons.

At moving pictures of gangsters the boys
d to roar with laughter when some screen
k-up man pulled out of his clothes a huge,
7-barreled gun that in real life would have
le such a bulge in his clothes that a cop would
e spotted it a block away. They referred to
e big movie guns as "cannons" and "heavy
lery," but when talking business their own
e "gats," "rods," "irons" or "torches."

Guns are the easiest thing in the world for a
sinal to get, but mighty hard for an honest
who wants to protect his home. He has an
ul time getting a license, and without it no-
y, even a pawnshop fence, will sell him one.
As our mob needed guns in its business about
e they know he is "all right"—that is, he
t tell where he got the gun if it is found on

. If they stopped the sale by American
nufacturers of all pistols and revolvers except
overnment and police, it would make no dif-
ference. The guns would be smuggled in and
tlegged.

Machine guns are another matter. Except in
hands of the army, navy and police they have
useful purpose except murder and should
er be sold to a private citizen in any country
any pretext. Yet they are as easy to get as
ols. Every gangster that wants one has one.
As our mob needed guns in its business about
e nights a week and might at any time have
defend itself against a rival mob, they owned
r own. Some "hooks" only need a gun once
a while, and don't want around between
as in case cops should search their place. To
ommodate these men there are gun-renting
nices, where a properly accredited criminal
rent a gun just as women take out books
n a circulating library.

The boys used to try some of the tricks they
in gangster movies, but these never worked
well in real life. There was one of pulling
victim's coat halfway down his back, thus
oning his arms for a moment. It did that on
screen and in the speakeasy, too, but as Steve
ted out, this wasted a lot of the mob's time,
when a man submits to that he is licked any-
y. He thought it was like putting salt on a
i's tail to catch him.

Because none of the ideas were practical and
big was were so funny, Steve said that every-
ing in the movies must be a lot of honey. He
doubted that real lords and ladies ever
d the way they are shown on the screen. I
ted out that all women take the stage vamps
only and try to imitate them. Steve said:
"You win. Every woman is a professional

*Just as the Gang Had Finished Their Hold-up and Were Start-
ing Away in the Automobile, 15 or 20 of the Victims Came
Pouring Out of the Door of the Speakeasy. Jumping Into Cars
and Taxis, They Began a Boisterous Pursuit and a Police
Car Soon Swung in Behind Them. Bullets Began to Whiz
Over the Heads of the Hold-Up Outfit and Some Struck Their
Cars. While Schon you 'capt' McCormick, from the Back
Seat, Empty Their Pistols at the Pursuing Automobiles.*

vamp, and the screen vamps can't be making
any mistakes or you skirts would be giving
them the bohunk cheer."

The underworld slang bothered me a lot at
first. For instance, they would refer to the
speakeasy bartender and other employees as
one class of victims, but call the customers
"rappers." I thought he meant wrappers, like
kimonos. This seemed queer to me until Steve
explained that a customer stuck up and robbed
could make a complaint and cause a "rap." A
"rap" is underworld for arrest, so one who was
likely to cause an arrest was a "rapper." There-
fore, all victims with a clear conscience were
known as "rappers."

Steve and the boys, in sticking up the cus-
tomers of a speakeasy, never bothered with
small jewelry. If a genuine diamond stick-pin
stuck out prominently, or a man had a good
gold watch, they would take it along. This stuff
was known as "collat," which I found out was
simply short for "collateral." "Collat," how-
ever, is hard to dispose of, and the mobster only
gets a fraction of its real value. So the boys
really never bothered much with "collat." It
was the cash dough that they were after.

An underworld term which has two or three
meanings is "clip." A mob starts out to "clip"
a joint, meaning to hold it up. Sometimes it is
necessary to "clip" another guy. That might
mean either to beat him up or "bump him off."
When you "clip" a man or a place, you get the
best of him or it.

There is another curious underworld expres-
sion which nobody seems to know just how it
originated. Whenever you are in bad luck, you
are "behind the eight-ball." If an expedition
would turn out disastrously, or a friend get
"punched," "rapped" or "collared," or a man
get into a jam, he was "behind the eight-ball."
Even Steve did not know just how this started.

He explained to me that in a pool game the eight-
ball is a solidly colored black ball, and as black
is bad luck, "behind the eight-ball" means, some-
way or other, bad luck. It is a pretty common
expression around speakeasies and other joints.

Another word which is tossed back and forth
among crooks, who, by the way, never refer to
themselves as crooks, but as "hooks," is the word
"connection." This has many meanings. Our
"connections" in the afternoon and "make
boys would go out in the afternoon and "make
connections" in a pool hall and strange speak-
easies, so that they could come back at night and
get in to stick them up. They would also "make
connections" with guys of other mobs and with
lawyers, who are always known as "consellers"
or "mouthpieces." They would also "make con-
nections" with "bookies," so that they could bet
on the races and be sure of getting their money
if they won. Steve "had a connection" with a
cop friend, although just what good this did him
I was never able to figure out.

Steve and the other boys never referred to
themselves as a gang. It was always "our mob."
I learned that a mob might be just two or three
men who were together, or it might be a group
of 15 or 20. The head of this mob is known as
the "lead-off" man. He is the one that takes the
heavy risks. In stick-up work he gains entrance
to a place, gives the signals, is the first to pull
his gun, and has the most dangerous task of
sticking-up the man behind the bar (who always
has a gun within easy reach) and going through
the cash register. He then keeps the customers
covered while the others go through them. Then
he waves his pals out of the place ahead of him
and is the last to come out. In brief, the "lead-
off" man is the man with the most brains and



The Lowest Creatures in the Underworld Are the Bomb Throwers, Who Are Held in Con-
tempt by All Other Criminals. This Photograph Shows the Result of the Bombing for a Second
Time in Two Weeks of a New Jersey Factory. The Police Are on Guard Because of the
Threat of Still Another Bombing.

courage. Steve Sweeney, of course, was our
"lead-off" man.

Several members of our mob had served time.
In my presence they seldom spoke of their prison
terms, and it seemed an unwritten rule that they
would not talk of these unpleasant experiences
in front of the younger members of the gang who
had not yet been arrested. But we all read the
papers and there was naturally comment on the
crime news of the day. I learned that a 30-day
sentence was a "newspaper" and a 60-day sen-
tence a "magazine." A year term is a "book."

But these expressions are generally used only
in case a mobster is pinched and in a tight spot
and the police and district attorney do not have
an airtight case against him. Then the mobster,
to save time, trouble and money all around, fixes
it up with the prosecutor to "take a newspaper"
or a "magazine" or a "book" on some minor
charge, and the prosecutor forgets all about the
real charge on which he is held. So these ex-
pressions are sort of terms of voluntary imprison-
ment.

So it was in the case of Freddy Schoenhardt
and "Handsome" Harold McCormick, who plead-
ed guilty to second-degree murder after the jury
had disagreed at their trial. They pleaded guilty
and received a sentence of 7 to 15 years. Now
in this case it would not be said that they got 7
to 15 "books," because even 7 to 15 years is quite
a long stretch. Anything over one or two "books"
is serious and becomes years.

A "grand" is a thousand dollars, a "baby
grand" five hundred, and in some parts of the
country a "yard" is a hundred-dollar bill. In the
underworld there are many terms for men who
carry guns and use them. The friendly gunman
is generally known as just a "gun" or "rod." A
member of a rival gang is called a "gorilla" or a
"hoodlum." Very young men or boys who go
around with a gun are called "punks." A
man once described to me his experience
in a speakeasy when it was held up by five young
"punks." Because they all had guns and there
were five of them, they got away with it all right,
but my informant told me that the "punk" who
searched him was shaking violently with fright,
but a gun in the hand is a powerful argument.
Next to my informant in this hold-up was a tough
hombre, who himself had been a speakeasy prop-
rietor and had served time for killing two of his

enemies who one night entered his place and
started to shoot it up. This tough guy kept say-
ing to my friend, "They're only 'punks'—let's
turn on them and chase them."

But, tough as he was, his face was to the wall,
his hands reaching for the ceiling, and there were
five men with guns in their hands in the place,
so he decided that it was better judgment to let
the "punks" get away with it.

Some amateur stick up men start shooting at
the slightest provocation—through nervousness,
sheer excitement or a false alarm of resistance
on the part of the victims. These are known as
"cowboys." A "cowboy" makes a lot of noise,
maybe will shoot somebody, and generally gets
caught before long. They seldom make a very
big haul of loot. As soon as the shooting begins
they have to "screw." They can't stop to collect
money and valuables. To "screw" is an under-
world term for "beating it fast" or "taking it on
the lam." "Blow" and "scram" are other ex-
pressions used to indicate a quick and forced get-
away.

That speakeasy stick-up man who was ar-
rested in bed the other day by New York cops,
and not only confessed two murders but boasted
of them, is one of those "cowboys." He told the
cops that he worked all alone on his jobs, but,
of course, nobody believed him. With luck, a lone
stick-up man might get away with a small speak-
easy where he had only the barkeep and perhaps
half a dozen customers at the bar to deal with.
But if it is a sizable place with people sitting ac-
costered around at tables he hasn't a chance. He
was just following the rule of the underworld not
to "rat" on his pals.

If a man is captured getting away he is in
"glommed." If one man is caught and informs
on his pals he is called everything from a "heel"
to a "rat." He is also called many things which
are unprintable. Any man who does low, sneaky
things is known as a "heel," I suppose because
the heel is the lowest part of the body.

American slang is as different as could be
from English slang. One day an English "hook,"
who, like many others in Europe, had come over
to take advantage of the splendid opportunities
offered by prohibition, called on us. It was
ridiculous. We could not understand him, and

Novelty Evening Gowns

Authoritative and
Newest Fashions From
the Studios of the
Most Distinguished
French Creators, Drawn
by Soulie, Foremost
Fashion Artist
of Paris



Marguerite Pierry, a Favorite Parisian Actress, Wears This Gown on the Stage of the Theatre des Varietes. It is Made by Cheruit, in a Printed Tulle, with a White Ground and Large Flowers, in Blue and Black. The Cut is a Sort of Princess Tunic in Cheruit's Latest Evening Style. This Tunic is Asymetric, Both at the Decollete and at the Edge. One Shoulder Has a Strap of the Material; the Other Is Bare Except for a Line of Straps. One Arm Bore a Short Puffed Sleeve; the Other Has None. The Tunic Part is Sharply Flared and Runs Up on One Side. It is Bordered with a Turned Under Part of the Material. Below This the Skirt Falls in Rich Gouffé Folds.

PARIS, May 17
IN spite of the apathy on the French
lenses, continue to play their in-
vention and magnificence in wonder-
ful gowns, which they show with
the same old, same old. It is unusual to
with these "big" models, because most
of the new ideas are launched in this
month. If you think back over recent
changes in the mode, you will realize
that this is true.

Our last revolution took place in
August, 1920. Suddenly, or so it
seemed, our kirts, bustiers, our
waists were raised, and clothes took on
a feminine shape that they had not
shown since the war. To an outside ob-
server, this change was really no sur-
prise, for evening clothes had been
showing all these tendencies for months
before the collections that upset the
editorial apple-cart. In the Paris events

of the Spring of May and June, 1929,
lengthened evening skirts and mixed
evening waists might have been seen
when many a smart woman left the
capital for her chosen Summer resort
with fluffy, frilly frocks in her ward-
robe.

Evening clothes allow a greater
measure of variety, and a wider indi-
vidual choice than daytime ones which
are always restrained, nowdays, by
considerations of use and practicality.
Just because no one expects hard
service from them, they may be more
personal in line, and more exotic in
material. At the present moment,
Paris has gone mad on the subject of
the washable evening gown. Pique,
linen, laiote, and even cotton are all
in demand up to evening gown.

Chanel hit the bull's-eye with her
white pique gown in the February col-
lection, and has repeated it in bright



Chanel's Startling Evening Gown Is Made of Waxed Black Organdie, Very Crisp and Flaring. The Full Long Skirt Has Double Ruffles Set Slantingly Round the Hips, Dipping on One Side. The Bodice Is Very Simple and Belted at the Natural Waistline. It Is Rounded in Decollete Both Back and Front, Rather More Deep in the Back, and Has the New Wide Shoulder Straps. Very Novel Are the Extra Sleeves, Made of the Waxed Chiffon in a Series of Puffs, and Held in with Narrow Bands of the Material.

red and in pale blue pique in the mid-
season showing. She also shows gowns
of printed linen, some boldly striped,
some flowered. Mainbocher uses that
stiff checked cotton—a sort of apron
material, which is called "toile de
Vichy" in French. He makes it up in

trim frocks with bell-skirts and
gimpes of white organdie with double
and triple ruffles or sleeves. Mainbocher
shows a new uncrushable colored
linen for his evening gown.

Worth has fascinating gowns in or-
gandie and the newer organsas, and



Many of the Next Evening Gowns Have Scarf Arrangements Which Are Wound Round a Bodice in Various Ways and Tied. Is One From Mirande Illustrates This Tidiness of the Spring Fashions. It Is called Marocain, and the Gown Itself told Hardly Be More Simple. It Begins for Its Originality on the Scarf, Which Is in Rose Pink "angelskin" Ribbon. This Is Draped Round the Top of the Arm in Rich Fashion, crossed the Bust in Front on a High Empire, brought Round to the Back, and tied in a Bow at the Waist, with Flangey Ends. This Fichu-Draperie wears at the Top of the Deep V Decollete in its Back, covering the Top of the Arm, Almost Like a Little-Sleeve.

which give us indications for the first
Autumn models. Among them, one of
the loveliest is Jean's pale pink
georgette model, with its capelet 1 1/2
back, edged with ivory spangles, and
its long slim demure decorating the
skirt. In several of the new collection
there is a tentative effort towards the
revel of the draped skirt, always
gracious, and formal. We also notice a
considerable use of pale pink in the
new evening collections.

A certain number of houses always
specialize in evening models of the so-
called "ditty" materials, such as taffeta
and faille. Lanvin is renowned for her
faile gowns, with their long sweeping
skirts in ample folds. She continues
to make them in her latest collection.
Madame Wormser, the guiding spirit of
the house of Chourat, also includes a
few taffeta or faille gowns in every
collection.

Marguerite Pierry, a favorite actress
of the Boulevard theatres, wears the
gown sketched in flowered taffeta,
with a white ground and large flowers
in rose and black. The cut is a sort
of princess, with a tunic effect, edged
with a doubled-under ruche. Both tunic
and decollete are asymmetric, for this
season permits in all houses for formal
evening wear. One arm shows a short
puffed sleeve, the other has none.

Scarf and fichu arrangements are a
strong feature of the evening mode.
The model from Mirande, sketched on
this page, depends upon its interesting
scarf of pink "angel-skin" ribbon in
order to enliven a gown of black crepe
de Chine. These narrow scarf arrange-
ments often give the high, almost
Empire waistline, exploited in many
houses for evening.

The fichu line adds interest to the
top of the bodice in the new way. Other
methods of achieving the same end
are seen in the use of frills at the top
of the arm, in ruffled shoulder straps,
in gimpes effects for evening.

Mainbocher has a series of plain crepe
evening gowns, with gimpes and little
puffed sleeves of white organdie or
crossbarred muslin, which are youthful
and charming.

A Sort of Georgette, Made by Goudier and Called "Vapereuse," Is Used for This Lovely Evening Gown from Lanvin's Collection. The Color Is a Delicately Pale Pink. The Skirt Is Heavily Shirred at the Waist in a Puffed Line, Which Ripples Along the Hips and Falls in a Deep Loop in the Back of the Skirt. There Is a Belt of the Same Material at the Natural Waistline Over the Shirring. The Decollete Is Pointed in the Front and in the Back.

one in pale blue handkerchief linen,
embroidered with little dark blue and
white flowers. Dotted Swiss cotton
crepes, various weights of linen, both
printed and plain, and plain and striped
pique, are all seen for Summer even-
ing frocks. On this page is Chanel's
very original model in waxed black
organdie, with its novel sleeves puffed
from wrist to below the shoulder. The
sleeves are removable.

Side by side with these fragile even-
ing gowns are others of richer fabrics,

"Stopping unexpected repair bills has balanced my budget"

"I Cut Expenses this
way...You can, too!"

I don't earn my own living. But this year Dad cut my allowance—and I had to reduce expenses.

I've always known that quality pays—and saves you money—in things like clothes. But it never occurred to me that it could also be true of things like motor fuel.

Of course I could have given up my little coupe. But that would have tied me down terribly. And besides, it really wouldn't save very much—except those awful unexpected repair bills.

Those bills set me thinking. If I could stop them coming in, I'd be all right! So I went round asking people their advice. And finally I struck a man who was something-or-other in a big concern.

His company, he claimed, had found that by using Esso instead of ordinary gasoline, they saved just oodles of money. Better mileage and better time to begin with, he said. No unexpected repair bills for carbon jobs, no unexpected repair bills due to gummed-up valves, sulphur or other corrosive elements. Engines ran farther between overhauls. And—believe it or not—there was no "grousing" from salesmen—Esso made driving easier—kept them happy.

it Pays to use

He was so sure, that I decided to give Esso a try. And am I glad I did! Since I've used Esso, the only expense I've had, except for gas and oil, was once when I nicked my right rear fender passing a bus. And there's no doubt about it—I'm getting more miles per gallon!

I balanced my budget by stopping those unexpected repair bills!



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STANDARD OIL COMPANY OF NEW JERSEY

STANDARD OIL COMPANY OF PENNSYLVANIA

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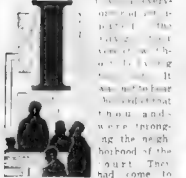
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The Callender Treasure By Roy Vickers

A Thrilling Story of Love and Mystery

CHAPTER I.

An Amazing Offer.



Aileen slipped the Ring Off Her Finger and Put It Into Waterhouse's Outstretched Hand.

Not for the first time in her life, Aileen Callender found herself in a position of great difficulty. She was sitting in her room, looking out of the window, when she saw a man standing in the doorway. He was a stranger, and she did not know him. He was looking at her with a strange expression on his face. She felt that she was being watched, and she felt that she was in danger. She looked at her watch, and she saw that it was ten o'clock. She looked at the door, and she saw that it was open. She looked at the window, and she saw that it was closed. She looked at the door, and she saw that it was open. She looked at the window, and she saw that it was closed. She looked at the door, and she saw that it was open. She looked at the window, and she saw that it was closed.

The jury for the patience with which they have heard his pleadings. They have found me guilty of certain financial transactions in regard to various companies I controlled, involving a sum of approximately five million dollars, and if I am properly grateful, said Callender, I thank them for their verdict. I have no objection to my sentence. "That is not a word in mitigation of your sentence," interrupted the judge. "I did not invite you to make a speech."

"You may make a statement. But do not try to make a speech. Callender bowed with profound humility. He then said to him in a low, earnest voice, "I beg your lordship's pardon for a very brief statement."

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"You know enough of legal procedure to be well aware that this is not the time to offer restitution. You ought to have offered—before the trial began."

"I humbly submit, my lord, that the words I have just used do not constitute an offer of restitution. That is quite outside my present purpose—which is to inform your lordship that in the worst place, where I have stored the gold, there is also a very considerable treasure, consisting of the proceeds of a number of robberies and burglaries committed during the last twenty years. I have to confess to your lordship that during that time I have used what is vulgarly known as a false front. Your lordship will remember the Earl of Devon. He was valued at three hundred thousand dollars. That is the honest treasure house, if I may so call it."

"Callender stopped. But if he knew when to stop he also knew when to go on. He knew that the one time to interrupt a judge is just before he speaks. "Your lordship may also remember the robbery of the City branch of the London and Suburban Bank last Spring. I bought the proceeds of that robbery on blue. There is the famous emerald belonging to the Umbrell family. I have that also. I have, in fact, a list, which I will submit, ready to be handed to your lordship, containing some fifty well-known Acropolis figures, are impossible but the gross value of these stolen goods is probably far short of three million dollars."

"The words rolled round the dais—the judge of the court. There was a pause of hardly more than a second before Callender continued. "Your lordship will decide whether restitution of all this stolen property—whether complete restitution to all the persons who have lost money in my company."

"I do not understand you," interrupted the judge. "Are you taking me to take these other things into consideration when passing sentence?"

"I am, my lord," answered Callender. "I learned counsel referred to me in enemy of society. I accept that definition and I am, in effect, offering your lordship terms upon which I am prepared to surrender. If I am sent to the penitentiary, my secret treasure-house will remain a secret, but if I am not."

"The judge snapped the judge. He was as nearly angry as a judge can ever allow himself to be. For several seconds he wrestled with himself and when he spoke again his voice was calm. "Henry Callender, you have admitted the robbery. I permitted you to the almost incredible extent of daring to offer a bargain to this court. By so doing you have shown yourself so blinded with arrogance and so openly defiant of justice that you compel me to take the most severe view of your various offenses."

"The learned judge here enumerated the counts and passed sentences on each, adding: "The sentences will run consecutively—you will go to penal servitude for fifteen years."

"I think not, my lord," said Callender, bowing gravely. Those who heard the remark took it to mean that Callender believed he would die before the completion of the sentence.

But that was not what Callender meant.

CHAPTER II.

In the well below the court in which Callender was taken his personality triumphed. Callender might be a convict, but he was still Callender, able to command attention and even something akin to respect.

"Well, then, Mr. Callender, I am sorry. It's just about double the word as I thought would happen," said one of his warden as the staircase cut them off from the court.

"That's all right, boy," Callender reassured him with a grin. "It was double or quits. But you wait. We'll be toasting up again soon."

"It shouldn't be surprised," said another. "Pon me word, I shouldn't."

Discipline is never the worse for being elastic. To treat Callender as if he were an ordinary convict would have been to bring discipline itself into ridicule. A senior officer, entering a few minutes later, recognized this.

"We are keeping you here for a couple of hours, Callender," he said pleasantly enough. "On account of the crowd," beamed Callender. "Never and better publicity in my life. Anything in the nature of a mob always backs me up. Friends! Except for my daughter's sake. Very upsetting for a young girl, all this kind of thing. He hesitated, the smile upon his face becoming a determined grin. He half drew from his little finger a heavily embossed silver ring.

"Look here, old man, would it be against regulations for you to slip this out to her—just something to remember her old father by?"

"A lady who says she is your daughter has obtained the judge's permission to see you. Do you want to see her?"

"As eagerly as a boy Callender lunged forward, slipping the ring back upon his finger. "No word! That's a lot of luck! I didn't think she'd want to see me. Look here, give her some handouts about the Court of Appeal, there's a good chap! Your uniform will help to carry conviction. Tell her there's no question of my really going to quit. And I know you fellows will play up like good sports!" he added to the other.

In his characteristic way Callender had taken command of the situation. Whether from pity or impelled by the sheer magnetic impudence of the man, the senior officer mumbled an assurance and departed. Callender was left with three men who were all seated. He

himself began to pace the room, deep in the problem of the coming interview. Then suddenly he thought, sat down and began to tell a very anecdote. Long before the end, the three men were laughing. Callender began another. Ten minutes passed before

fore the end, the three men were laughing. Callender began another. Ten minutes passed before

footsteps sounded in the corridor. Then Aileen Callender was ushered in. (Continued on Page 18)

Prevent...TONIGHT or Cure...TOMORROW



WHICH WILL YOU DO?

It may be just a coated tongue tonight. When Nature costs tongues, makes eyes dull and breath bad, she says, "Your child's system is clogged with waste impurities. He needs help."

Help tonight is simple. A dose of Castoria will bring relief, may even keep a serious illness from developing. Castoria, you know, is the children's own remedy—it is made specially to give the mild, gentle help their delicate organs require. It is a pure vegetable preparation. It contains no harsh drugs, no narcotics.

In any starting illness, such as a cold, a little fever, a food upset, a first-dose of Castoria is always a wise precaution which your physician will commend you for.

Its gentle effectiveness has brought quick comfort to many a baby suffering with colic pains, by relieving the gas pressure and urging little bowels to act. And it is the "standby" regulator for older children in many homes.

Be sure you get the real Castoria which always has the name, Chas. H. Fletcher, on the package. It now comes in two sizes. The new family size contains about 2 1/2 times the amount in the regular size.

Chas. H. Fletcher.
CASTORIA
CHILDREN CRY FOR IT

LOOK, MEN! Cellophane-Wrapped



Here's the kind of smoke men want—at a price they can afford to pay. Luxury is a blend of carefully selected Burley tobaccos. Try it. Luxury comes wrapped in Cellophane to seal in its fine natural flavor. Ask your dealer for Luxury.

We make Luxury and recommend it for your pipe. If your dealer cannot supply you, send us 10¢ and we will gladly mail you a regular package at once. Address your letter to LARUS & BRO. CO., RICHMOND, VA.

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...but she knew CLOROX would remove the stains

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Clorox is equally priceless in kitchen and bathroom, for wherever it is used to bleach, remove stains or destroy odors, there too it disinfects. These and many other uses are described on the label.

AT YOUR GROCER'S

CLOROX

BLEACHES • REMOVES STAINS • DESTROYS ODORS • KILLS GERMS



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How a Hostess without a maid serves dinner without leaving the table

This book of 128 pages, illustrated with photographs and drawings, tells you this, and how to:

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• Entertain with games for young and old.

• How to be a perfect hostess, with many wonderful recipes and hundreds of helpful suggestions. You'll love this book.

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Enclosed find 10c (stamps or coin to cover cost of handling and mailing) for which send me the book, "When You Entertain," by Ida Bailey Allen.

Name

Address

City

State

It's De Ranch Mystery By Mark Plum

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.

CLAUDE HEFFIN, a young man of twenty-two, was a member of the ranch crew. He was a good-looking fellow, with a strong, athletic build, and a friendly, outgoing personality. He had been working on the ranch for several years, and had become a close friend of the other men. One day, while he was out in the woods, he discovered a small, dark, and mysterious object. He was curious about it, and decided to investigate. As he approached it, he felt a sudden, sharp pain in his chest. He fell to the ground, and when he came to, he found himself in a strange, dark, and terrifying place. He was alone, and he had no idea where he was. He tried to call out, but no one answered. He was alone, and he was in danger.

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Pete Sirode Off Through the Woods in the Direction of the Cliff With Sally in His Arms.

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(Continued on 1)

CHAPTER XXII.

CLAUDE HEFFIN, a young man of twenty-two, was a member of the ranch crew. He was a good-looking fellow, with a strong, athletic build, and a friendly, outgoing personality. He had been working on the ranch for several years, and had become a close friend of the other men. One day, while he was out in the woods, he discovered a small, dark, and mysterious object. He was curious about it, and decided to investigate. As he approached it, he felt a sudden, sharp pain in his chest. He fell to the ground, and when he came to, he found himself in a strange, dark, and terrifying place. He was alone, and he had no idea where he was. He tried to call out, but no one answered. He was alone, and he was in danger.

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Today—my Gums are Hard ..and my Teeth look great!

thanks to Ipana!



1. He warned of "pink tooth brush."
A golf "pro" straightened out my masie shots. And this same hard-headed Scotsman told me a few things about my gums. They were soft. They bled, too. "Anybody that thinks he can laugh off 'pink tooth brush' is crazy," he said. "I've seen men with gingivitis. And Vincent's disease. And even a few with porphyria. And they didn't laugh!"



2. I started Ipana and massage.
I asked my dentist about it. "Most of the foods we eat nowadays are as soft as cooked cereal," he explained. "Your gums get so little stimulation that they become tender and start to bleed." He showed me how to massage Ipana Tooth Paste into my gums, to harden them. He said the zinc in Ipana would help get them hard and firm.



3. My teeth are white and gums hard.
Yes, I clean my teeth with Ipana! And every time I put more Ipana on my tooth brush and rub it on my gums. Does it do the work? Why, at the end of the first month there wasn't the faintest sign of "pink tooth brush." And today my gums are as hard as a golf ball! Remember: A good tooth paste, like a good dentist, is never a luxury!

(Continued from Page 12)

The Collateral Treasure By Roy Vickers

(Continued from Page 15)

"So he said nothing—and did nothing—that was in any way eccentric?"

"N-no."
"The nymph hesitates," croaked Winterbourne. "The nymph is uncertain. And the gargoyle can do nothing."

Allen smiled wearily, and then:
"He gave me his signet ring, which he said belonged to my mother. He said he was only lending it to me. And—" Her voice trailed off.

"And?"
"And he would come and take it off my finger within a year—and that he was superstitious and I must promise not to take it off in the meantime on any account. I—I suppose it would break the spell or something. Surely that looks as if he isn't quite normal, Mr. Winterbourne."

The culture-like head nodded slowly. To Allen her own case seemed extremely weak—for this reason she was pleasantly surprised when Winterbourne answered:

"Yes. His insistence that you should not remove the ring from your finger tinges the whole conversation. I will see what can be done. He would certainly be more comfortable if he were certified."

By a curious coincidence the Home Secretary was here this afternoon—you saw him perhaps. He is interested in one of my cases and wants me to tell it to him. I refused this afternoon, but—this evening, I may reconsider my refusal."

Winterbourne got up and went to the roll-top desk. From one of the drawers he took a signet-ring to outward appearance an exact replica—as it was, indeed, the exact size—of Callator's signet-

net ring. He slipped it unobtrusively into his pocket.

Allen, too, had risen, unwilling to encroach further on the time of her very distinguished host.

"If you think it would make it easier for him to hear, I—I can't tell you how grateful I am, Mr. Winterbourne."

"Nonsense again, my dear! You think I'm a useful old gargoyle—which is just what I want you to think. It appears my vanity... One moment before you go. Did that ring really belong to your mother—or is he deceiving himself?—in which case one might infer hallucination."

"I don't know. My mother died when I was two—twenty years ago."
"That makes the ring at least twenty years old. I can soon tell you its actual age—it is a part of my little hobby to dabble in such matters."

He held out his long, bony hand for the ring. Allen hesitated.

"Unless, of course, you too are superstitious!" chuckled Winterbourne.

It was impossible to refuse, thought Allen, and in any case, Ronald had already broken the superstition.

She slipped the ring off her finger and put it into his outstretched hand.

Winterbourne produced a lens, and moved towards the window. While his back was turned to her he took the signet ring from his pocket and put Callator's ring there in its place.

"This ring is between fifty and sixty years old," he told her and handed her the substitute, which she put on her finger. "It will not, I fear, prove hallucination... I will have a little chat with the Home Secretary and you may

take it that I will do all I can for your father."

Allen thanked him again and left.

Winterbourne emitted a low, throaty chuckle and went to a side-table on which was a microscope and sundry scientific instruments.

He took Callator's ring from his pocket and placed it carefully in an apparatus that looked something like a model cannon. He touched an electric switch and an intensely powerful light was projected on the ceiling.

Winterbourne turned a screw and the beam of light shifted until it was passing through the signet ring, throwing on the opposite wall a twelve foot outline of the seal.

Winterbourne turned another screw—the focusing screw. On the opposite wall blurred irregularities appeared in the outline of the seal. He turned the screw again. The irregularities began to take form. There was a compass-sign with figuring underneath it—the outline of a hill—three trees—and a tombstone.

The seal of the signet ring, in fact, was revealed as being nothing else than a microscopic lantern slide.

Callator had hidden his treasure so well that he knew he could not find it himself without a chart.

Again came the throaty chuckle as Winterbourne switched off the current—and carefully placed Callator's ring in his safe.

As he did so there came a buzzing from the roll-top desk, and Winterbourne lifted one of the telephone receivers.

"Captain Shallett is here, sir," said the voice of Marples, the

man-servant. "The other gentlemen have all arrived."

"I will see Captain Shallett now," answered Winterbourne.

A minute later he turned to receive his visitor—a tall, thick-set, weather-beaten bully who was obviously suffering from

shyness. He was too extensively dressed—a man one would have said, lacking in taste but very useful in a tight corner.

"Good-afternoon, Captain Shallett. Pray be seated. Your captaincy, I gather, is a fraud. Six years ago you were a petty officer in the Navy. You were dismissed from the service in disgrace, after which you spent four years running rum into America."

Shallett sprang up aggressively.

"Say—what's the idea, Mr. Winterbourne, or I guess, Mr. Whatever-your-name-is?" he de-

manded in an accent that hovered between London and Toronto. "A guy brought me a message from you—"

"Of such a nature that you took care to keep the appointment," interrupted Winterbourne. "The message has accomplished its purpose and ceases to be of any importance. I really wishing to speak to you about your association with Callator."

"Then you're wishing a lot. Never spoken to him in my life. To show you how unnecessary such a denial is, my dear sir," said Winterbourne, his thin lips parted in a grin, "let me inform you that some four months ago you had a very important conversation with Callator in which he told you that he would certainly be sent to penal servitude and you agreed to attempt to restrain him."

"Great stuff that!" sneered Shallett. "But it's my guess that Mr. Winterbourne, or I guess, Mr. Whatever-your-name-is, you get a move on."

He moved towards the door. Winterbourne remained silent. He shifted the ebony crutch from one hand to the other and pointed to the huge filing cabinet.

"All that the police know about you is in there!" he remarked.

"And a good deal that the police do not know about you. For instance, the police do not know that Callator has promised you a grand thousand dollars in the event of success, and has given you ten thousand on account. I have experienced that you have very nearly exhausted in payment of extraneous charges."

Shallett winced and then made a pitiful attempt to retain his dignity with a forced laugh.

"I'm getting to enjoy this game."

"That, my dear sir, is an unintelligent remark. I see I must continue it in order to accustom your imagination to my methods. Winterbourne pressed a well-punch in the desk and on:

"You have chosen four companions to help you. One, Eddie, an ex-Army officer. Two, Lawson, an ex-servant. Three, Tyler, a motor mechanic with a cup of our cream. Four, a woman, a gamekeeper to Lord Dawn and concerned in the robbery of his master's Rembrandt. Do you deny knowledge of these men?"

"You've said it," drawled Shallett. "I deny everything. If you prove it, I'll give you a pound."

"I think you are a very useful man—in your proper sphere," answered Winterbourne. "As your associates, must meet them before I can pronounce an opinion."

"I reckon you gotta find 'em first," cried Shallett. "We've broken off as the door was opened by Marples, who announced:

"Mr. Eddie, sir." Shallett gazed at the newcomers, then turned to Winterbourne while his hand went to his hip pocket.

"What's the idea?" he repeated.

"Mr. Rawson, sir," announced Marples.

"Good-afternoon, Mr. Rawson. Captain Shallett, I fear, is a little beside himself."

"Mr. Tyler, sir." "Come in, Mr. Tyler. We are only waiting for Mr. Evans and our party will be complete. Ah, here he is." Winterbourne had peered at each man in turn and had apparently seen in each the face of a capable desperado.

"Gentlemen, pray be seated. We intend to discuss the question how best to enable our mutual friend, Callator, to escape from prison."

"Don't say a word—not one of you," cried Shallett. "We've walked into it this time, boys, but I guess we know how to walk out."

As he spoke he drew a revolver and covered Winterbourne. The others all drew likewise and held them in readiness.

Winterbourne knew that Callator had been merely to keep Shallett in counter-terror—know that already they were his servants.

"I perceive that you manage to maintain a certain discipline, my dear Shallett," said Winterbourne, ignoring the revolver. "That will be very necessary. It will not be by itself, however, sufficient. I do not think you quite realize—any more than Callator realized—that to rescue a prisoner in this country is a difficult and costly business."

"I am glad to see you all carry revolvers—how they need them."

He gestured with his ebony crutch and they made way for him. He passed through their midst and stopped at the opposite wall, where he began slowly to unroll a map. It was a very large contour map—its color was nearly half the length of the

"Do any of you recognize this?" he asked. There was no answer. At last, after unrolling, the title of the map appeared:

"You will have gathered that I have decided to engage you," rapped Winterbourne. "The rescue will be effected next Sunday. The work of preparation will begin this week."

To Be Continued Next Sunday. Copyright, 1935, by Roy Vickers. All Rights Reserved.

Young women with

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When first gray hairs show, why resign yourself to becoming prematurely gray? Easily, inexpensively and effectively, you can keep your hair young looking as long as you live. Mary T. Goldman's famous liquid is combbed through hair. Gray streaks vanish as if by magic. Your hair remains soft, lustrous. Easy to wave or curl. Color will not wash off or run on clothing. This way entirely SAFE. Just ask druggist for Mary T. Goldman's Money-back guarantee. Or send for Free Test.

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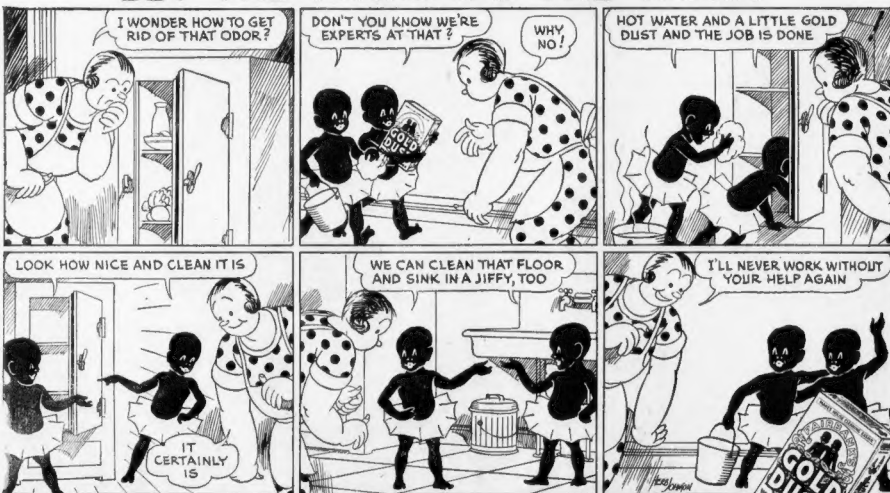
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*** LET THE TWINS DO THE WORK ***



GOLD DUST FOR DIRTY DIRT

Labor Saving Profits from Paper Products

By Mrs. Christine Frederick.
The Distinguished Authority on Household Efficiency.

SUMMER housekeeping differs from winter housekeeping at many important points. Meals are likely to be more flexible, both as to the hour when they are taken and the place where they are served and enjoyed. Again, the type of meal is quite different for June as against January because the clever house manager knows that when a picnic is called for, it is better to tempt it with lighter foods, daintily served, than with the usual products of oven or skillet. The ready-to-eat meal is at its best on warm, early Summer days, whether it is an appetizing repast served on a portable tray wheeled to that cool spot on terrace or lawn or porch, or a true picnic affair.

Yes, picnics, like the circus, roll around every year and when we say picnics, in the same breath we add "paper products." For so housekeeper is really ready to face the demands of a Summer hospitality season with being well stocked with every type of labor-saving paper aids. In the kitchen, the picnic basket, in the bathroom, and all around the house there is a specially designed paper product which will save time or labor, washing or wiping, cleaning or cutting, a host of tiny jobs which paper makes easier. More free afternoons off and leisure

for recreation outdoors and with her family is insured to the housewife who profits by paper. For wrapping, serving, and tending to a fixed cooking accessory. Nothing better can be used for wiping up the sudden spill, for wiping off a greasy blade or plate or cleaning out the bowl of sticky mixture. French chefs learned long ago to use paper only on their choice omelette pans instead of scratching their surface with harsh abrasives. Using paper as a wiper on dishes is guaranteed to cut down on both time and unpleasant handling. The roll may be placed near the sink, especially if it is to replace a linen hand towel, but otherwise a good location is near the work cabinet or on the inside door of such closet.

Little sister to the big roll is the smaller, tender roll of waxed paper, whose uses seem limitless. For wrapping sandwiches, of course, and all foods, to keep them moist and insect-proof, to cover small portions of left-overs in the refrigerator; for lining cake pans and the molds used for making loaf and many tempting Summer aspices and frozen desserts. The newer form of this ever-usable paper product is in a narrow wall cabinet which has a cutting edge against which the paper may be quickly and straightly torn. This, too, should

be placed near the bread-board at the work center. Waxed paper may now be obtained printed in colored designs which make it more attractive for various hospitality uses.

Paper plates and cups have also stepped up and become far more aristocratic and beautiful than their humble progenitor, the common paper plate of the picnic of long ago.

Modern taste and economy of paper are of heavier stock which will hold even a hot liquid, the surface is coated or glazed, and there is a variety of shapes and sizes from which to choose. A most practical cup is pure white, quite stiff and tall enough to hold a full cup of hot coffee. See that the cup has a sufficiently broad base so that it will not too easily topple over. Many plates are decorated in quaint Colonial figures in colors, in harmony with the general Bicentennial anniversary. Others equally smart are decidedly modern, with angles and circles and dots to please every taste.

Paper napkins, too, have become sophisticated and consequently gay. But important for the housekeeper is the development of a pleasing container to keep them visible and readily accessible near the eating table. Just as the small holder in many a chain restaurant has served its purpose well, the housewife may

now purchase a similar napkin holder finished either in bright metal or enameled shades. Such a neat box receptacle holds a pack of 100 napkins, and by means of a spring in the rear, each napkin may readily be pulled out as required. Such a holder is particularly useful in the informal household where there are small children.

Mention of napkins brings up the newer type of napkin tissue whose use is not confined to the dinner table. Several forms of this soft tissue fabric are on the market and the dainty absorbent product is equally at home in boudoir, bath or laundry. For removing cosmetics, if nothing else, the hostess may be thankful for their invention, for

now no longer need her best guest towels be disfigured with streaks of lipstick red! A box of tissue harmonizing with the room's decoration should be tucked in every dresser drawer, while another box in the pantry will quickly give hastily needed polish to a bit of fine glassware, a dull spoon, or a dulled mirror. An entirely different type of

paper product is the recently perfected tannin-proof paper for the storage of table silver. This impregnated paper prevents the oxidation of air and the silver material with consequent unpleasant "smoking" of the silver. It may be cut to any size, as the silver chest or silver drawer, and thus save the housewife the tedious labor of the old-fashioned silver cleaning. Coming back into the kitchen, many tasks of cooking may be done better as well as easier if paper products are used. For cooking vegetables in particular nothing is more satisfactory than to use vegetable parchment when cooking so that the juices may be retained and odors prevented from going through the house. This parchment paper is heavy and may be used over and over, as its surface is readily washed. The fact that it has been used for cabbage in the morning will not prevent it from steaming fish at night. And even when used for a loose bag around the food, tied at the top, and immersed in cooking water. The resulting improved flavor is surprising.

Cup custards and similar baked desserts are especially appropriate to warm weather. But who wants to wash a custard dish? There is no need to if a paper cup is used in place of the usual china or glass. The newer paper cups are so made that they will hold liquids even under a high baking temperature. And as for the popular cup cake, ginger bread or sponge cake, nothing could be so ideal. For one cupcake that its cup the cake may be as easily carried and packed on the portable meal, or tucked in a corner of the picnic basket without any danger of its becoming a mess of crumbs at journey's end. Children delight in the fluted shapes and clever mothers may thus induce the eating of foods not always relished. On one more use of jelly designed for guest use or as gifts on special occasions. One housekeeper made several dozen of special currant "jell" packed in a colored paper cup with its paper top. These were welcomed as gifts, the container itself adding the last touch of charm. Indeed, there is an individual paper cup which when filled with jam, marmalade or a fruit butter, is a most delightful way of serving at a jelly party meal.

American Weekly Patterns



the dress and 1½ yards for the guimpé if made as in the large size.

AN EVENING DRESS WITH PRINCESS LINES (7532). Designed in 5 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Size 38 will require 2½ yards of 39-inch material for the dress and 1½ yards of lace for the yoke and puffs.

A DAINTY PROCK FOR A TINY MISS (7556). Designed in 5 sizes: 1 year, 2, 3, 4 and 5 years. Size 4 if made as in the large view will require 1½ yards of striped or other material for the dress and ½ yard for the collar in contrasting material.

A SIMPLE MODEL FOR A LITTLE GIRL (7534). Designed in 4 sizes: 2, 4, 6 and 8 years. Size 4 with short sleeves will require 1½ yards of 29-inch material. With long sleeves, 2½ yards.

To obtain any one of these desirable patterns, fill in the accompanying coupon and mail, with 15 cents in coin for the PATTERN (SEAL ENVELOPE PLAP SECURELY ON ALL EDGES), to:

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7563.....Bust 7556.....Bust
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Name.....
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Send 10 cents in coin for our SUMMER BOOK OF FASHIONS, containing designs of Ladies', Misses' and Children's Patterns, also hints to the Home Dressmaker.

A DAINTY MORNING OR PORCH PROCK FOR THE LARGER WOMAN (7548). Designed in 6 sizes: 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, 48, 50 and 52 inches bust measure. Size 46 will require 3½ yards of 36-inch material.

To finish with bias binding will require 1 yard 1½ inches wide.

AN UP-TO-DATE STYLE (7548). Designed in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Size 38 will require 3½ yards of 39-inch material for

Appetizing Menus for the Week

By Mary Lee Swann

MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	SUNDAY
Breakfast Fruit, Hot Cereal, Poached Eggs, Browned Toast, Coffee. Luncheon Crisp Pancakes with Cheese Sauce, Steak, Sliced Tomatoes, Raisins, Loganberry Gelatin with Beeswax Cream. Cakes. Dinner Fruit Cocktail, Sautéed Shrimps of Lamb, Gravy, Mashed Potatoes, Browned Butter, Potatoes, Vegetables, Mashed Cakes (left from Sunday).	Breakfast Fruit, Hot Cereal, Toasted Biscuits, Coffee. Luncheon Lamb Hash in Rice Caps, Crisp Cakes, New England Sauce, Solid, French Beans, Cakes. Dinner Fruit Cocktail, Sautéed Shrimps of Lamb, Gravy, Mashed Potatoes, Browned Butter, Potatoes, Vegetables, Mashed Cakes (left from Sunday).	Breakfast Fruit, Hot Cereal, Toasted Biscuits, Coffee. Luncheon Spanish Onion, Jellied Macaroni, Crisp Cakes, French Bread. Dinner Fruit Cocktail, Sautéed Shrimps of Lamb, Gravy, Mashed Potatoes, Browned Butter, Potatoes, Vegetables, Mashed Cakes (left from Sunday).	Breakfast Fruit, Hot Cereal, Toasted Biscuits, Coffee. Luncheon Spanish Onion, Jellied Macaroni, Crisp Cakes, French Bread. Dinner Fruit Cocktail, Sautéed Shrimps of Lamb, Gravy, Mashed Potatoes, Browned Butter, Potatoes, Vegetables, Mashed Cakes (left from Sunday).	Breakfast Fruit, Hot Cereal, Toasted Biscuits, Coffee. Luncheon Spanish Onion, Jellied Macaroni, Crisp Cakes, French Bread. Dinner Fruit Cocktail, Sautéed Shrimps of Lamb, Gravy, Mashed Potatoes, Browned Butter, Potatoes, Vegetables, Mashed Cakes (left from Sunday).	Breakfast Fruit, Hot Cereal, Toasted Biscuits, Coffee. Luncheon Spanish Onion, Jellied Macaroni, Crisp Cakes, French Bread. Dinner Fruit Cocktail, Sautéed Shrimps of Lamb, Gravy, Mashed Potatoes, Browned Butter, Potatoes, Vegetables, Mashed Cakes (left from Sunday).	Breakfast Fruit, Hot Cereal, Toasted Biscuits, Coffee. Luncheon Spanish Onion, Jellied Macaroni, Crisp Cakes, French Bread. Dinner Fruit Cocktail, Sautéed Shrimps of Lamb, Gravy, Mashed Potatoes, Browned Butter, Potatoes, Vegetables, Mashed Cakes (left from Sunday).

THE DIC-A-DOO METHOD LETS DIRT OUT!

BANISH Scrub-Brush Hands!

You've never known a cleaner like Dic-A-Doo before! It's new, quick, easy, and dirt's the only thing it harnes! Dic-A-Doo lifts dirt—just as your cold cream does! No scrubbing with Dic-A-Doo! Just spread it on. Then wipe it off—and walls, woodwork, linoleum, floors, etc., are spotlessly clean and renewed.

Dic-A-Doo cleans all painted, lacquered or varnished surfaces. It often saves the cost of repainting. Get Dic-A-Doo wherever paint is sold—paint, wallpaper, hardware or department stores.

DIC-A-DOO paint cleaner restores paint

SPREAD IT ON

WIPE IT OFF

15¢

PAINT CLEANER

By a "Gunman's Moll"

(Continued from Page 21)

was up and he greeted Freddy with this remark: "Well, you yellow 'heel, what became of you?"

Freddy couldn't say anything. He mumbled to himself and asked for a drink. We fired him up with a drink, and all afternoon Freddy and Steve argued about that little affair up on Riverside Drive. There was bad blood between the boys ever afterwards. Every time Steve would drink too much he would accuse Freddy of being yellow and running away. That really was the cause of the killing out on Long Island.

There was a curious incident connected with this. Steve always wore a soft hat and he liked others to do so. He claimed that derbies were bad luck. Now, it seems that in this shooting up in Harlem Freddy had lost his hat in running down the street. He went out and bought himself a derby hat. When Steve saw the new derby he exclaimed, "Take it off. Take it off. Throw it away. It's bad luck."

But the derby looked very good on Freddy. I liked it on him and all the rest of the gang and he looked swell in it. Steve kept looking at Freddy and his derby. Finally, one day as we were all in a friend's speakeasy, Steve excused himself for a few minutes, went out and came back in about ten minutes with a brand-new derby on his own head. He shrugged his shoulders and said: "Bad luck or good luck, I'm going to be much more of a shiek as Freddy Schoenhardt."

Twenty-four hours later Steve was found dead out in the marshes of Long Island, and now Freddy is serving 7 to 15 years in Sing Sing. If I ever have a husband, I'll never let him wear a derby hat.

Next week I will tell how the man I loved was taken for a ride by his own mob and how I was partly responsible for it.

To Be Concluded Next Sunday.

SHE HAS NO FEAR OF BIRTHDAYS!

9 out of 10 Screen Stars know the Secret of keeping Youthful Charm

"YES, I am 34" says Beverly Bayne

Lux Toilet Soap

Photograph by Nicholas Murphy, 1931

SAMPLE FREE! GET YOURS NOW!

The PATENT CREAMS CO., Dept. A-25, Glenside, N.Y.

☐ Send free sample.

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Open-handed *as to* POWER but tight-fisted *as to* GASOLINE

YOU don't need a slide-rule to measure what finer engineering has accomplished in the new and greater Essex Super-Six.

Just wheel this able car over the roads for a couple of hours and one important result will be as plain as the figures on the gas gauge.

In today's Essex, for example, engineering has contrived an *increase* in horsepower from 60 to 70, and at the same time a *decrease* of 10% in gasoline consumption.

And mark you, when gas is mentioned in connection with Essex Super-Six performance, it isn't necessarily premium fuel that is meant, but ordinary run-of-the-pump gasoline!

This thrifty characteristic of Essex performance is especially satisfying in these days when states vie with one another to clap a tax on mileage.

INFORMATION 70 Horsepower at 3200 r.p.m. • Essex Speeds beyond 70 Miles • Silent Second Speed 50 Miles • Compensated Inherently Balanced Crankshaft • Power Dome Anti-Knock Combustion Chamber • Fully Adjustable Silent Chain Driven Timing Gears • Inlet Silencer and Air Cleaner • Super Accelerator Pump • Anti-Flood Choke Roller Valve Tappers • Duo-Lin Automatic Engine Oiling • Thermostatic Carburetor Heat Control • Labyrinthine Oil Cooling • Triple-Sealed Oil-Cushion Clutch • Simplified Selective Free Wheeling • Synchro-Mesh Transmission • Silent Constant Mesh Second Gear • Diagonal Truss Frame • Spayed Rear Springs • Neutrone Muffler • Demountable Wood or Wire Wheels • Automatic Starting and Anti-Stall • Quick-Vision Instrument Panel • "Tell-Tale" Oil and Generator Safety Signals Ride Controls • Two-Way Shock Absorbers • Natural Grip Steering Wheel • Atc-Slide Fastener Pockets • Lateral Spring Seat Cushions Adjustable Seats both Front and Rear • Full Opening Windshield with Two-Finger Control • Foot-Operated Headlight Dimmer • 9 Sparking New Models with Gem-Like Body Colors and Upholstery in New Pastel Shades • Finements in Ebony and Silver Finish • Wheelbase Length 115"

These, and an impressive list of other exclusive features at an extra cost, illustrate the completeness of Essex 1932 standard equipment



Choose your own type of power, your own way of driving, in the 1932 Essex Super-Six. Both Essex Selective Free Wheeling and Essex Conventional Drive are at your command—by the simple lever-lock control (an exclusive Hudson and Essex feature) operated through the top of the gear shift lever.

It is a direct result of Essex Super-Six engine design, in which the patented "power dome" provides for efficient knockless combustion, and in which the inherently balanced crankshaft and lighter reciprocating parts use a minimum of generated power to carry their own "dead" work.

The notable economy of 1932 Essex

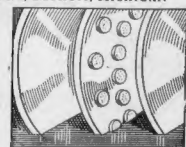
operation is associated with a brilliance of action and a luxurious fine-car character rarely expected of low cost.

The modest figure at which this larger, smarter, faster car is priced lends final emphasis to the fact that right now Essex is the yardstick of motor car values.

HUDSON MOTOR CAR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

ESSEX

SUPER-SIX PACEMAKER



Now triple-sealed in a new-type housing that retains the oil intact over thousands of miles, the famous Hudson-Exxon oil cushion clutch adds a new standard of saving and trouble-free operating to its long-established standard of durability and efficiency.